SOCIAL SCIENCE
DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY FEB 26 1959


# NATIONAL REVIEW

40 Cents

February 28, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION


## *Missiles, Brains and Mind*

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

## *Communist China: A Christian View*

B. A. GARSIDE

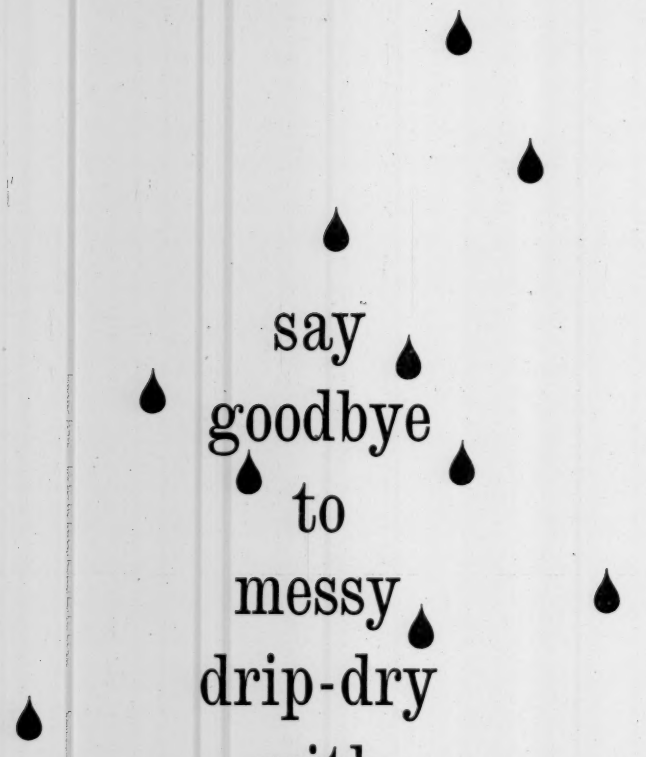
## *Did Cousins Cozen the Pilots?*

FRANK A. TINKER

*Articles and Reviews by* · · · · · · RICHARD M. WEAVER

DONALD R. RICHBERG · FRANK CHODOROV · ANTHONY LEJEUNE

FRANK S. MEYER · ALOISE B. HEATH · JOHN McLAUGHLIN, S.J.



say
goodbye
to
messy
drip-dry
with

# BELFAST®

## self-ironing fabric*

## the new cotton that irons in the wash

No more the monotonous drip, drip, drip of old fashioned drip dry. Here's a self-ironing fabric that can be wrung out or spun in your washing machine. Gone, the mess; gone, the inconvenience; gone, the drying delay. Belfast self-ironing fabric is the first great advance since the development of easy-care fabrics. There is nothing else like it—nothing else that irons in the wash. What's more, Belfast fabric will *always* iron in the wash till the last day the garment is worn. Its self-ironing quality is part of the fabric, not an applied finish that can wash away. Belfast cotton is even more pleasant to the touch than the loveliest cotton you've ever felt. You must experience the miracle of Belfast self-ironing fabrics. Do so now in women's dresses, sheets, pillow cases, diapers and crib sheets. And watch for all types of apparel and cotton products coming your way soon. For all the facts regarding this spectacular advance write to Belfast Self-Ironing Division, Deering Milliken & Co., Inc., 1045 Sixth Ave., New York.

Belfast is washed like any other fabric!

**Wring out or spin in washing machine!**

Line dry. It's ironed!

*Belfast is the registered trade-mark of Deering Milliken Research Corp. for self-ironing fabrics *Patents applied for on product and process

***"This new product is a development of the Deering, Milliken Research Corporation."***

# NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Priscilla L. Buckley — Jonathan Mitchell
Maureen B. O'Reilly — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

*London*: Anthony Lejeune
*Munich*: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn



**CONTENTS** FEBRUARY 28, 1959 VOL. VI, NO. 20

*THE WEEK* ..... 540

*ARTICLES*

Socialist Profiteers .....Frank Chodorov 546
Missiles, Brains and Mind
Whittaker Chambers 547
Did Cousins Cozen the Pilots?
Frank A. Tinker 549
Communist China: A Christian View
B. A. Garside 553
Life-Enrichment: Wednesdays
Aloise B. Heath 557

*DEPARTMENTS*

For the Record ..... 539
The Third World War .....James Burnham 551
Letter from the Continent
E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 552
Principles and Heresies .....Frank S. Meyer 556
From the Academy .....Russell Kirk 558
To the Editor ..... 565

*BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS*

Reconstruction: Unhealed Wound
Richard M. Weaver 559
New Deal Historian .....Donald R. Richberg 560
Ninety North—Ninety South ....Robert Phelps 561
"The Heart and Stomach of a King"
Anthony Lejeune 562
"J.B."—Under What Sign?
John McLaughlin, S.J. 563



NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. at Orange, Conn. (second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.).


Copyrighted 1959 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc.


Changes of address, undeliverable copies, and subscription orders should be sent to:

EDITORIAL OFFICES
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

Published at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn.
RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page fortnightly Magazine, and $7.00 for the 8-page Bulletin published on alternate fortnights). Add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions. By arrangement with the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, the 32-page fortnightly National Review Magazine is available to students and teachers at the special rate of $4.00 a year.
The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.


# *For the Record*

One reason for jitters about Central Intelligence: Branch chiefs of the agency, on their own authority and responsibility, may employ security risks notwithstanding adverse FBI and Security Branch reports. . . . Reorganization of the Soviet-Latin American Friendship Society under the chairmanship of noted Soviet composer Aram L. Khachaturian, indicates a stepped-up Soviet propaganda drive in that area. . . . According to the Worker, 400 Americans will participate in the Soviet-backed World Youth Festival in Vienna next July.

In a recent talk to petroleum executives, Thomas E. Dewey commented that the Republican Party was "through" except for the election of "heroes." . . . A "favorite son" build-up of Labor Secretary Mitchell for the Vice-Presidential spot is under way in New Jersey. Mitchell is counted in Nixon's corner. His name on the ticket would, say his backers, help neutralize militant labor opposition to the GOP ticket in '60. . . . On the best-seller list for eleven weeks (in number four place in the non-fiction category), Wedemeyer Reports! still has not been reviewed by Time magazine.

The U.S. International Cooperation Agency is going to work out better telephone service for you on your calls to Nepal via a grant of $1.5 million for installation of a 1,500-line telephone system, with 50-station high frequency radio-telephone network. . . . In Afghanistan (where we have spent millions on roads which go nowhere) the Russians have built a $50,000 bakery which sells the best bread in the country at cost, a cheap but effective coup. . . . The executive committee of the World Council of Churches, at its Geneva meeting, recommended a ban on nuclear testing "even if it involves a measure of calculated risk."

Senator Goldwater to receive the annual citation of the American Jewish League against Communism at a luncheon in his honor March 20 at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. . . . Senator Williams (R. Del.) has received assurances from the Justice Department that it will try to reverse a Supreme Court decision awarding retroactive social security payments to recently departed Bulgarian Communist Ephram Nestor. . . . New British budget proposals would restore previous cuts in army regulars, stress development of tactical atomic weapons and concentrate on mobile airborne units.

# *The WEEK*

● In the last four months the Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen for its membership *The Coming of the New Deal* by left-wing Democrat Arthur Schlesinger Jr., *Only in America* by left-wing Democrat Harry Golden, *The Affluent Society* by left-wing Democrat John Kenneth Galbraith, and *A Treasury of Science*, edited by left-wing Democrat and inveterate Communist-front joiner Harlow Shapley. Oh Truth, you many-faceted diamond, you!

● It is more than revulsion over the summary executions in Cuba which is turning so many South and Central American powers against the Fidel Castro regime. Many of these countries fear that Castro, along with his fellow leftist and ally, President Betancourt of Venezuela, intends to embark on a crusade to overthrow all Latin American regimes of which he disapproves. A few days ago, Castro stated that Cuba will withdraw from the Organization of American States unless the present governments of Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic and Paraguay are ousted. Anti-Trujillo exiles are known to be operating in Venezuela, where they are welcomed, just as Castro's forces were welcomed before Batista's overthrow. And recently Radio Caracas has been blasting away at the Somoza government in Nicaragua. Latin Americans know well that machinery set up to overthrow a rightist dictatorship can be used with equal success against any other nation if it should suit the design of a Castro or Betancourt and his Communist allies. That is why the Castro delegation to Mexico was met so coldly last week.

● At a small luncheon for ex-Rhodes Scholars held recently in Washington, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson spoke informally on the Berlin crisis. His proposal: if the East Germans attempt to stop a U.S. truck convoy on the land corridor to Berlin, the U.S. divisions in West Germany should be ordered into immediate action, but should forego nuclear weapons with the aim and expectation of limiting the fighting to the local solution of the blockade.

● A reader, astonished at the information that Republic Steel Corp. had accepted a $3 million Soviet order for cold-rolled sheet steel, wrote the company thereof. From Republic's reply: "This whole deal was worked out by our government and appeared to involve the barter of a substantial tonnage of chrome ore, which we do not have in this hemisphere, for a tonnage of American sheets. Republic was not a party to these negotiations, which had the complete approval and cooperation of our State Department . . . Since cold-rolled sheets have no military value or significance whatever (your automobile body and your refrigerator are made from them) we did not feel that Republic should 'second guess' our own government, which could be presumed to know what it was doing." One would indeed presume that someone in the State Department could figure out that the Soviet investment, equipment and work released from the need of making steel sheets by virtue of such imports can be—and is—redirected to the making of, for sufficient example, missiles and submarines.

● A national convention of secondary school principals has decided that the Sputnik challenge will be best met by modeling the nation's secondary schools after the nation's progressive colleges. The teacher, they say, should be "more consultant than taskmaster." To tailor the progressive shroud for our secondary schools, the principals recommend a program of teacher-specialists, lecture courses, and independent study projects for the high school student. What about all that talk of a crash program in the sciences, of the need for more mathematics, earlier language study, more rigorous study discipline? Our children, reply the principals, must be taught to "think and solve problems, in contrast to today's emphasis on memorizing facts."

● The stop-Kennedy forces in the Democratic Party are coalescing. Besides the obvious disadvantages of front-runner, and the drawbacks of his youth, his religion, and the smallness of his state, Senator Kennedy was faced last week with a congressional poll turning 2-1 toward Stuart Symington as the Party's strongest Presidential choice. Of 133 Democratic Congressmen replying, 33 per cent went for Symington, 17 per cent for Kennedy, and varying fractions for Johnson, Humphrey and Adlai Stevenson. Meanwhile, Eleanor Roosevelt and Americans for Democratic Action begin to carp rather nastily ("did not show the courage he writes about") at Mr. Kennedy's failure to denounce Joe McCarthy according to the required formulas of the Liberal anathema.

● Mental illness is no longer a problem in Communist China, says the country's cultural organ, *Bright Light Daily*, at least not among the well indoctrinated. It is only to be found in counterrevolutionaries, revisionists and certain late-blooming flowers. To demonstrate, *Bright Light* cites a woman (a "true revolutionary") who "did not respond to intense stimuli by nervous disturbances." "Not responding" meant that she smothered her child to death rather than

allow him to cry when enemy soldiers were near. "So heroes act," comments the magazine. In contrast to this stellar example of proletarian adjustment, it points to the many counterrevolutionaries who went insane during the widespread purges of 1955 and 1956. Thus the mental science of Red China's bright new world.

● Every few weeks Secretary of Commerce Lewis Strauss rereads Washington's Farewell Address, which long ago became an integral part of his personal credo. In the copy that Admiral Strauss handed Anastas Mikoyan, on the occasion of their official meeting, one clause was underlined: ". . . reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

● Among the last acts that General de Gaulle accomplished by decree, before the start of the new constitutional government of the Fifth Republic, was the reorganization of France's defense structure. The new defense plan rests on the following principles: a) there is no longer any clear line between peace and war, or between formal war and subversion; b) the core of French military force must be relatively small, highly trained, extremely mobile professional units; c) passive and active civil defense must be ready to swing into action to meet either domestic or external attack.

● William F. Knowland, NATIONAL REVIEW is happy to report, is back in harness. The Young Men's Republican Club of Seattle listened to him on Lincoln Day and learned that those who had predicted the November unpleasantness would chasten the former Senator, sadly mistook their man. Knowland's basic advice to Republicans: "we must first determine for what we stand rather than for whom we stand." Then more concretely: "people [who] want New Dealism and Socialism . . . will take the original and not a faded carbon copy"; "the time has come for a drastic curtailment of foreign aid"; "except in case of war, federal income taxes should not exceed [one-third] of personal income or . . . 40 per cent of corporate income"; "compulsory union membership can negate the basic freedom of choice which Americans once held dear"; and much more of the same.

● The joint announcement carefully listed all the reasons that do *not* account for the Ed Murrow-CBS trial divorce, scheduled to start July 1. Mr. Murrow is *not* leaving because CBS dropped *See It Now* last summer when it ran into sponsor trouble; nor because CBS relegated Murrow to a lowly spot in its coverage of the election returns after he delivered a speech in Chicago attacking the networks; nor because CBS refused to back him in the furor which followed his call-girl documentary, "The Business of Sex." It's just that after twenty-four years abstinence, Mr. Murrow thinks it time for him to do a little reading and thinking. *D'accord!*

● Some years ago a group of "hards" on the Soviet issue—among them several present editors of NATIONAL REVIEW—conceived the idea of a school to teach qualified free world citizens the arts of "political warfare." The group called itself the Orlando Committee (after a pilot project then in operation in the Florida city of that name), and set out to raise private money. The funds, alas, could not be had. This year several members of the group swallowed their misgivings about government participation and prepared a bill for Congress. The bill provides for a school ("The Free World Academy"); a new Executive agency to supervise its activities ("The Free World Commission"); a Joint Committee of Congress to supervise both. The legislation has now been introduced by Congressmen Herlong (Fla.) and Judd (Minn.). A companion bill on the Senate side should follow shortly.

● The U.S. Information Agency gleefully predicts that the voting machines to be displayed next summer at the American National Exhibition in Moscow's Sokolniki Park will give three and a half million visitors from all over the Soviet Union a glimmering of the democratic way of life. May we suggest that pictures of the eleven U.S. airmen of whom the Kremlin claims no knowledge be posted nearby and that the tourists who go behind the curtains to work the machines be invited to record whether they are For or Against their government's practice of luring unarmed planes off course and then shooting them down.

● Frank Chodorov's story of the Rural Electrification Administration (see p. 546) gives background to last week's meeting in Washington of the National Rural Electrical Cooperative Association. This assemblage of budding utility operators masquerading as impoverished country folk met to counter any move to push them off the government gravy train. They listened coldly to a responsible speech in which President Eisenhower (who is not a 1960 candidate) told them that it was no longer proper for the federal budget to be burdened by the cost of supplying them with 2 per cent money when the Treasury itself has to pay 4 per cent. They applauded wildly when Senator John F. (Courageous Profile) Kennedy (who *is* a 1960 candidate) proclaimed in suitably demagogic rhetoric that the subsidies "that lighted the farm homes of America" will never be shut off while he still has a finger on the switch.

## *The World and Mr. Dulles*

There is an ironic lesson in the public response to the Secretary of State's illness. Ever since the political liquidation of Senator McCarthy, Mr. Dulles has been the most reviled man in the free world. For the Communist press he has been the prime imperialist warmonger and cold-war plotter. But the Communists provided only a rumble of contrabass to the wider chorus. Every socialist, leftist, Liberal and neutralist in the West has vented his spleen on Mr. Dulles for being "inflexible," "stiff-necked" and "moralistic." Even among conservatives at home and abroad, even among his own party colleagues, few have been able to resist taking political potshots at so exposed a target as Mr. Dulles; and fewer still have stood up to be counted as his avowed defenders.

But now—the Communists apart—there is a genuine and almost universal dismay, from left to right, that Mr. Dulles is stricken, and lively apprehension at the thought that he may not be able to resume his post. "Mr. Dulles," we are told from all quarters, "is needed."

Spontaneous tribute is being thus paid to human qualities and a personal record that carry beyond politics. Mr. Dulles' loyalty, to chief as to country, his self-abnegating sense of duty, and his sheer hard work at an age when most men nowadays are basking in retirement, arouse the admiring wonder of all but the most niggardly.

But something more than personal is being expressed. For six years Mr. Dulles has been the strict schoolmaster, the tough sergeant, the Catonian censor of the West. It is he who has said the "noes" to the seductions and to the assaults of the enemy. The pupils, recruits or soft-living citizens have, as they always do, railed at the disciplinarian who has rapped their fingers digging into the fleshpots. But in our hearts we have all really known how lucky we are that Mr. Dulles has been on hand to check the tempter.

Mr. Dulles has thus symbolized what remains of the West's spirit of resistance, its will to survive. This is why, moreover, his present physical collapse becomes so weighty a factor in the scale of the crisis.

It is possible that Mr. Dulles will recover sufficiently to take up again his exhausting task. We hope, unreservedly, that it will be so. But this is not and cannot be likely. If the best medical opinion confirms the unlikelihood, then a prolongation of the State Department interregnum may do great damage. Our foreign policy since 1953 has been, to an extent unfamiliar in this generation, the policy of the Secretary of State rather than of the President. Therefore the nation's policy participates in the invalidism of its foreign minister.

The duties cannot be effectively deputized for long. The deputies, while the principal stays looking over their shoulders, cannot act with authority. Besides, there is inevitably a continued struggle for the succession, which dissipates energies that ought to be concentrated on the nation's international problems.

We can understand the President's reluctance to act, not merely because of the hope that Mr. Dulles will be able to carry on, but because in his choice of a successor Mr. Eisenhower will also be choosing —as he never enjoys doing—a course of policy: a swing toward "flexibility" and softening by naming Christian Herter or John J. McCloy; an evasion, with Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., or C. Douglas Dillon; a probable continuation of the Dulles line if it were Thomas E. Dewey or General Alfred Gruenther; perhaps even some hardening by selection of Eugene R. Black, Herbert Hoover Jr., Loy Henderson or William Knowland. There are several good men and a number not so good among those public figures from whom an acceptable candidate would presumably have to come. If the medical evidence so dictates, the President should make his choice, promptly and courageously.

## *On Post-Sputnik Trends in Education*

A special class for gifted sixth graders in the Union Free School District No. 5, Levittown, New York, offers the students a series of articles (complete with multiple choice questions with which to test their understanding) adapted from the nation's adult magazines. Two in the series have come to our attention.

The first, on Alexander Hamilton, holds that his career was motivated by the desire to wipe out the stain of having been born illegitimate. Passages from it read: "Hamilton was a social climber, like most great leaders of conservative causes . . . The touchstone of Hamilton's life and policy was his fear of, and loathing for, the people; it is difficult to escape the conclusion that he was frantically striving to differentiate himself from them and was haunted by the fear that his foot might slip on the ladder and he would be precipitated back to his obscure origins . . . Nowhere do we find any suggestion that [the poor] could be educated into good citizens." Question: "If Hamilton were alive today, he would be a great advocate of a) free public education, *or* b) social security laws, *or* c) abolishing income taxes."

The second article discusses nuclear warfare and the "more than dreadful prospect" that the sole survivors of such a war would be "mumbling and help-

less idiot[s] foraging to sustain a senseless life." Among its passages: "Some of our highly placed military men, regarding war as inevitable . . . [have] urged that the United States touch off the holocaust by dropping the first bombload . . . No government can any longer say that radioactivity in another war can be controlled or that the human genes can somehow be shielded from [its] mangling effects . . . There are only two ages of man. The first age . . . is the age of war. It is today. The second age, still only a prospect, is the age of civilized man. The tests of civilized man will be . . . [his] substituting of world law for world anarchy . . . To dismiss all this by referring solely to the threat of Communist Russia is to dramatize folly . . . [When] we define the working basis of peace and freedom, Communism will have no place to go."

Blessed is the ungifted sixth grader in District No. 5!

## *Who Is Serious About Berlin?*

Besides its persisting goals of dividing its enemies and subverting their will to resist, Moscow specifically seeks by its political putsch on the Berlin issue: 1) to close an open wound in the Communist flank; 2) to block the nuclear arming of a Germany tied to the West.

How serious, then, is Moscow about these two objectives? How far is Moscow prepared to go in their pursuit?

About the first, Moscow is serious, certainly. But Berlin is after all secondary in the world context. Therefore it is not probable that the Presidium is ready to place a very high stake merely on Berlin. The Communist world has managed to get along for thirteen years with the free Berlin enclave, and no approaching change threatens to make its continuing existence really intolerable.

In West Germany, however, a momentous change that may be intolerable or nearly so from Moscow's viewpoint does approach: the change from a defeated, disarmed, neutralized land to a renewed nation armed with the firepower of the atom and committed to alliance with the Western enemy. About this Moscow must be not merely very serious, but prepared to go very far indeed.

If Moscow can block or slow West Germany's nuclear arming, or detach West Germany from the Western alliance, by the kind of political bluster employed since Khrushchev's December ultimatum, the crisis will be solved without major trouble. That is to say, we can solve it—Khrushchev's way—by yielding; and this, undoubtedly, is what Khrushchev expects.

If the West does not intend to yield, does not renounce its guarantee of Berlin's freedom or West Germany's right to rearm as a Western ally, what then? How much further will Moscow then go? Much further, it seems likely; all the way, this time, to the very edge of that much talked about brink; right up to the hairline of war. Such a thrust the West will be able to counter only if ready to go not merely to the brink but over it; ready, in all cold seriousness, to shoot. If Moscow is ready to go along the German road to the last edge, then Moscow will be stopped only if the West is *ready* to go, and *known* to be ready to go, the one step further.

There can be no bluffing on this point. Readiness to start shooting is not a question of speeches, notes or negotiations. It means alerting the people to what may be ahead. It means completing the operational plans for our own and NATO's divisions, squadrons and fleets. It will soon mean, or should mean, preliminary deployment of the elements of the armed forces, bomb-mounted planes of SAC continuously in the air, ships and submarines in readiness at sea, the civil defense system made active.

Under our government, the initiative for both the civil and military tasks can only be taken by the President as chief of government and commander-in-chief. If the facts known to Mr. Eisenhower prove or strongly suggest that Moscow is indeed as serious about the German problem as many of our most thoughtful analysts believe, and if he is not ready to capitulate to Khrushchev's insolent demands, then it is time for him to tell us the truth, solemnly and with the full weight of his office; to tell us the truth, and to give his officers their commands.

## *The "BCD's" of New York Living*

"Big City Daily Living Skills" are something we had never consciously developed—to be quite truthful, we had never even heard of them. And the only reason we can adduce for our escape from a mugging or stabbing before this is that we must not be "incident prone." What brought the subject to mind was a recent article of advice to parents on how to train their children, particularly their "incident prone" children, to walk the streets of New York City in safety.

The best thing, of course, is not to have, or more exactly to not have, a child who is "incident prone." (If he is frightfully "incident prone," the obvious victim type, one psychiatrist recommends that you move out of the city entirely.) The "incident prone" child is the type who, when he wears a black leather jacket like everyone else, is picked out and beaten up because he doesn't belong and who, if he doesn't

wear a black jacket like everyone else, is beaten up because he hasn't conformed.

Such a child, says this article, must start early developing his big city daily living skills. Among them, some we thought useful to pass on to our urban readers: always walk on the curb side of the sidewalk, away from would-be prowlers or muggers hidden in doorways or alleys; don't arrive at bus stops or commuter stations ahead of time, offering yourself as a solitary target (the article offers no additional advice at this point for riders of the Long Island Railroad); don't dawdle ("walk with a springy, purposeful gait"); move in groups; and, if this has been your practice, don't carry a whistle. ("It might enrage your assailant" and, anyway, "how would you know when to blow the whistle before it's too late?") Finally, don't lose your sense of humor, even when cornered on a subway platform by four armed teenage delinquents. At a time like that, says the article, a wink or a giggle (not a nervous one, we assume) can "cause puzzlement and suspicion in a pursuer and help you escape."

Otherwise, have fun.

## *On Cyprus: Well Done*

It would be overly sanguine to suppose that the Cyprus problem has been "solved." In our era of wars and revolutions major problems never find a fixed solution. But the agreement reached by the Greek, Turkish and British governments in consultation with representatives of the Cypriote communities, and now up for formal endorsement at London, is a splendid instance of constructive statesmanship.

By its terms the legitimate needs of every party at interest seem to be met. Cyprus will become an independent "dual" republic. Though the Greek majority will dominate its councils, the Turkish minority will have a protected status. Acting for NATO, Great Britain will retain sovereignty over the military bases that are essential to defense of the eastern Mediterranean.

The extreme followers of Archbishop Makarios will protest the failure to achieve *enosis* (unity with Greece), but it is hard to see how the *enosis* campaign can be continued when Greece itself has accepted Cypriote independence. The local fanatics will denounce British retention of the bases. Unless Archbishop Makarios is indeed under Communist influence, however, he should be able to reconcile himself to a settlement that so well accords with the interests of his people and the security of the free world.

A year or two ago most commentators, panicky at the EOKA-Communist terror, judged that agreement was impossible. The outcome must be, they declared, surrender to the demands of the terrorists, sacrifice of the Turkish minority, and Western withdrawal. The British government, supported consistently by Washington, together with the Greek and Turkish governments have once more proved that both justice and national interest can still be served when these are backed by patience and firm resolve.

Our best assurance of the Cyprus agreement's worth was promptly given in Radio Moscow's bitter attack: "colonialist collusion," "stab in the back," "imposed by American blackmail." We could seek no sounder endorsement.

**WE REMIND SUBSCRIBERS** to ***National Review Magazine*** **that** ***National Review Bulletin*** **—eight crisp pages of news and political comment, plus a special column of exclusive investment counsel—is published fortnightly on alternate weeks when the *Magazine* does not appear. It is available at $7 a year to subscribers to *National Review Magazine* ($12.00 to all others). To get the conservative side of the news *every* week, fill out and mail the coupon below, or use your own stationery.**

**National Review • 150 E. 35th St.**
**New York 16, N.Y.**

**I am a subscriber to *National Review Magazine*. Please enter my subscription to the *Bulletin* for a full year.**

**Name** .....

**Address** .....

**City** ..... **Zone** .... **State** .....

☐ **I enclose $7.00** ☐ **Please bill me**

---

*Our Contributors*: B. A. GARSIDE ("Communist China: A Christian View") was a Presbyterian missionary to China from 1922 to 1926. At present he is Executive Director of Aid Refugee Chinese Intellectuals and the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China. . . . FRANK A. TINKER ("Did Cousins Cozen the Pilots?") has had a varied career: Air Force pilot, 1941-1950; Foreign Service Officer, Department of State, 1951-1955; pilot with AAXICO airlines, 1955 to the present. He is also a frequent contributor to national magazines. . . . DONALD R. RICHBERG ("New Deal Historian") is the well-known lawyer, writer and authority on labor legislation who was co-author of the Railway Labor Act (1926) and the NIRA (1933). From 1933 to 1935 he was general counsel of NRA. . . . JOHN MCLAUGHLIN ("'J. B.'—Under What Sign?") is at present at the Jesuit House of Studies, Weston College, Massachusetts. He has contributed to *Renascence*, *Thought* and *America*.

# *Rock'n'Roll in Albany*

The word is around that Nelson Rockefeller's future ambitions have been badly compromised by his Brobdingnagian budget. It is heard, for example, in Nixon quarters, where one suspects the wish may father the thought. But also from some of the pros who have no axe to grind, but who have been taught that a high tax program is the best way to avoid public office. At the very least, the argument runs, Rocky is off to a poor start. Witness the New York mail running heavily against him. Witness, too, that his troubles in Albany are getting national attention.

Let us try to put the problem into a little sharper focus. There are three kinds of people a Republican governor of New York had better keep his eyes on if he wants the Presidential nomination. *Republican politicians in New York* (he is advised to have the state delegation behind him at the convention). *The voters of New York* (he had better be able to persuade the convention that he can carry his own state). *Independents and swing-Democrats throughout the nation* (this makes him the "man who can win,"—*i.e.*, the kind who usually knocks over Republican conventions).

How is the Governor doing with these groups?

The GOP politicians in Albany have raised the loudest howl. But they are quieting down now, and pretty soon you may not be able to hear them at all. We know a state senator who issued a stirring anti-budget statement a little while back and got a call that very night from his county chairman telling him to lay off. The local boss had just heard from the Governor's people that under the right conditions a state job was available. The incident was not isolated. For Mr. Rockefeller has shrewdly postponed dispensing top patronage until the budget business is out of the way. Concretely: only a handful of jobs in the $12,000-$15,000 category have been filled, leaving about fifty still beckoning to county chairmen who cooperate on the budget.

Turning to New York's voters: politicians who know that it is impossible to please all of the people all of the time know that the next best thing is to please most of the people when it counts. The Rockefeller Administration cannot provide the welfare services that so many groups will be grateful for when 1960 rolls around without, in one way or another, charging for them. There is much to be said for presenting the bill early. That is one point.

The other is that the Governor may have a pleasant surprise in store for his people. Former Governor Dewey had an ingenious device for earning the voters' gratitude: the tax laws passed in his Administration's early days overdid it a bit with the result that the taxpayer was "forgiven" 10 per cent of his normal tax in the later days. Many observers believe that Rockefeller's tax bill is purposely inflated with the idea of declaring a "Rockefeller bonus" next year.

Turning to the national electorate: while the Albany hassle has had nation-wide press coverage, it does not follow that Rockefeller is getting the reputation of a spendthrift. The wire services usually write their stories from releases handed out at the Governor's mansion. The latter tend to feature such phrases as "balanced budget," "pay-as-you-go," "fiscal responsibility."

In any event, history teaches us that it is not conservative Republicans—*i.e.*, the low tax, low spend folk—who nominate Presidential candidates. Eisenhower and Dewey and Willkie found out that the other fellow can have the regulars sewed up as long as you have a pocketful of *Life* editorials saying that Gallup says you are popular with Democrats. And on this assignment Rocky is doing very well indeed. Note that all of his budget proposals, save one, have been endorsed by the Democratic leadership in New York. And why not? He has asked for all of the welfare measures and bureaucratic accretions they could think up, and more. The Governor is going to be a hard target for Democrats to shoot at when the Presidential affair becomes serious: just keep your eye on Mr. Gallup's poll.

L. BRENT BOZELL

# *Socialist Profiteers*

FRANK CHODOROV

Socialism would never get out of the books and off the soap box if someone did not see an easy dollar for himself in it. However, the socialist profiteers are not as a rule the scatterbrained idealists dreaming of a classless Utopia, but blatherskites who proclaim their dedication to democracy while feathering their own nests.

An instance is furnished by the Rural Electrification Act of 1936. The purpose of this law—one of the gems in the New Deal diadem—was to bring electricity to sparsely settled rural districts. Myopic private power companies could not see an immediate return to compensate for the cost of installing distribution systems in these areas, but the farmers were demanding the conveniences that electric power would bring them.

Under this law, the Rural Electrification Administration was authorized to make loans "for the purpose of financing the wiring of premises of persons in rural areas and the acquisition of electrical and plumbing applances and equipment." The borrowers could be persons or corporations, and the interest rate was fixed at 2 per cent, regardless of the considerably higher market rate that the government itself had to pay. "Rural area" was defined as "any area within the United States not included within the boundaries of any incorporated city or village or borough having a population in excess of one thousand five hundred inhabitants."

Except for the interest subsidy, the venture has proved itself economically sound. The principal borrowers are cooperatives (about 93 per cent of the total); the rest are public bodies and power companies. They have managed their business well. Their price for electricity has met all costs, including fixed obligations; some have built up surpluses. The number of delinquent borrowers is insignificant.

To be sure, the cooperatives have an advantage over "profit" operators in that they pay less in taxes, besides getting the subsidized low interest rate on borrowed capital. Government figures show that if these cooperatives had charged their customers a few cents more on their monthly bills, they could have paid the market price for capital.

About a thousand organizations have borrowed $3.8 billion from REA. They have paid back, in principal and interest, over a billion, as of July 1, 1958. Some of the cooperatives are paying back faster than their contracts call for, and a check-up of their assets shows that most of them are in solvent condition.

## *Bureaucratic Expansion*

The socialist profiteer made his appearance not long after REA went into operation. But, before we get to him, we might pay our respects to a minor profiteer of socialism—the bureaucrat.

The REA report declares that "94.8 per cent of the nation's farms had central electricity service as of June 30, 1957." That's nearly the saturation point. Obviously, many of the original loans are being paid up at a rate that brings the liquidation date in sight, thus threatening the existence of the agency. To avoid that horrible consequence, the bureaucrats on its payroll have been urging the cooperatives to borrow more money to improve and expand their operations. In the beginning, the cooperatives confined their operations to setting up transmission facilities, while buying the electricity from private companies. In recent years, at the urging of the agency, they have been building generating plants. Besides, to preserve the prerogatives and perquisites of office, the REA managed to wangle out of Congress on July 30, 1957 a law authorizing it to make loans for the installation of telephone facilities in "rural areas." In the first year 221 loans, totalling $82 million, were made for this purpose.

Cooperating with the agency, though unofficially, is an association of cooperatives with extensive offices in Washington. It is called the National Rural Electrification Cooperative Association, of which a Mr. Clyde T. Ellis is General Manager. It is a lobby and the G.M. is the lobbyist. The record shows that the G.M. has appeared before congressional committees regularly to push for every interventionary measure that comes up for consideration. Why not? Socialism has been good to him and he is all for more of it.

The income of the G.M. and the NRECA derives from a tax imposed by the operating cooperatives on the users of REA electricity. It is now only one cent a month added to the electric bill, an insignificant amount, but adding up to a sizeable sum when multiplied by 4,500,000. The consumers probably do not know they are taxed, and in fact the G.M.'s contact is not with consumers but with the managers of the cooperatives.

The G.M. has offered new legislative measures that, if enacted, will go far toward putting the cooperatives into the power business in a big way. Most important of these measures is one calling for the elimination of the 1,500 population limit in the enabling Act. The purport of this proposal is to permit the cooperatives to borrow money at cheap rates for setting up generating and transmission plants in the cities. At present, only the original loan is circumscribed by the population limit. If the "rural area" grows into a suburb, or acquires electricity-using factories and stores, the cooperatives not only can continue to operate but can also borrow more money from the REA to expand its facilities. But the G.M. is impatient. He would like to put the cooperatives into the cities right off, without waiting for the "rural areas" to grow up. If he is successful—and he has the cooperation of AFL-CIO and many "rural area" congressmen—many private power companies may have to go out of business, because they cannot compete with the tax-exempted, interest-subsidized cooperatives—particularly since his proposals include a law making it a criminal act to offer to buy out a cooperative.

Should the G.M. have his way with Congress, his own take would be greatly increased by the multiplication of customers, even if his member cooperatives do not accede to his current request that the tax be increased from twelve to eighteen cents per year per consumer.

How's that for the non-profit motive?

# *Missiles, Brains and Mind*

**Without a national revolution in our attitude toward creative mind, the mass production of intercontinental missiles and technical brains will not prove enough to assure our survival**

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

**"What Does Not Destroy Me . . . "**

Thousands, perhaps millions, of us have been following, as closely as possible, the great weapons debate whose epicenter is in the Congress. That debate breathes a rancid tone of political partisanship. This is extremely disquieting. On the other hand, without that political animus it is possible that there would be no debate. That would be more disquieting still. I, for one, hold the belief that at least a majority of literate men and women are pretty shrewd at separating what is politically motivated (or distorted) from the reality of the situation which emerges from the argument. And it is this reality that none of us can afford to miss or widely misunderstand.

This debate goes (as Germans say) *um Tod und Leben*—for life or death. not only is the basic reality of the situation it evokes awesome; it is peculiarly perilous because the reality is so novel that many cannot credit it. They simply cannot take it seriously. That reality is, of course, that, for the first time in our history, the nation as a whole is coming under the possibility of direct, annihilative attack. Our continental fortress is no longer unreachable; our ocean moats have shrunk or may serve to float toward us the submarine conveyors of disaster. The rockets have done this.

Therefore, what we are truly debating is our survival as a people that wills to remain sovereign and not subject—as the people that we are and will to be, and not what someone else wills to make us. Let us, for the moment, table all brave talk about our special breed of freedom and this or that high moral issue, as all luxuries go overboard in combat, which, in the resolving clinch, never turns on these, but on the necessity for raw survival. This is what we are debating: survival.

The debate is especially difficult for most of us to follow efficiently because: 1) much of it concerns regions of science and technology which, as laymen, we are simply not competent to grasp; and 2) much of it turns on scraps and echoes of conflicting information which, for good reasons, we are not permitted to know in full, and, again, might well not be competent to evaluate if we did know it. But most of us feel competent to see that the conflict forks out from two main Intelligence questions.

## *Oldest Rule of War*

One of them is what our Intelligence tells us about the state of Soviet weapons progress. The other concerns our own rate of progress, past, present and tomorrow. Neither is clear. In addition, opinions about these matters cannot be simple. Naturally, they involve many more (and much more complex) factors than whether the Russians are ahead of us in certain respects and behind in others; whether, at this moment, they can match us rocket for rocket, or outmatch us, etc., etc., etc. But the oldest, simplest rule of war would seem to dispose of much of this part of the debate. The rule is: never underrate your mortal enemy. Do not, if you can help it, overrate him; but far better to overrate than underrate.

Just here, there emerges from the debate another point which almost any literate layman can claim competence to see and call decisive. The point is this: whatever the precise state of Russian rocketry and missile production, or our own, the Russians have achieved approximate destructive parity with us. This would seem to mean that, whether or not either nation has the power to inflict near-total extinction on the other, each has the power to ruin the other. And that would seem, to those who may lie under such ruins or inherit them, to be about all that is necessary.

As someone has remarked, the real horror of an atomic war is not the fate of millions who may be fried in a flash; the real horror will be the fate of those who survive to haunt the ruins. If, as seems to be the case, people exist who still fail to grasp what this apocalypse implies, perhaps it is well to remind them of a colloquy (on TV, several months ago) between Mr. Dave Garroway and one of the top-ranking generals responsible for giving the signal to retaliate in event of atomic attack on us. The Q. and A. went much like this:

MR. GARROWAY: "General, in your opinion could we survive such an attack?"

THE GENERAL: "Yes, I think so."

MR. GARROWAY: "How long would it take us, after such an attack, to get back to where we are now?"

THE GENERAL: "Perhaps a couple of hundred years."

They were not trying to frighten little children. They were trying to make big children face reality.

Approximate destructive parity would seem to be all that is necessary for another reason. I happen to be one of those who believe that, barring hideous folly or human failure, these ruins will never come to pass. I cannot possibly document this belief; and neither can anybody else who holds (extremely tentatively, of course) this view. But it is not just fantasy. It derives from conclusions (drawn from Communist theory and decades of Soviet strategy and tactics in action) that Russian missiles

are primarily political, not primarily military, weapons. The last thing, in my tentative opinion, that the Russians want to do with their missiles *at this time* is to launch them against the United States. For parity, by definition, works both ways. The Russians are not romantics, and have no greater whim than we have to become a continental ruin—especially since the ruins after an atomic war will not even be worth looking at.

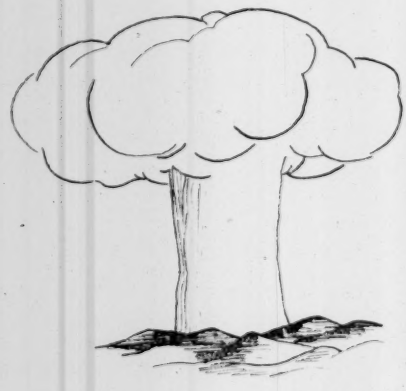
The purpose of the Soviet missiles is, first, to erect a deterrent fence around the Communist heartland. For some reason, some of us seem unable to realize that the Russians are also afraid of us. But, finally, and much more important, the purpose of the Soviet missiles is to impose on the West a truce of exhaustion, taking form in one or another degree of atomic disarmament. No need to recap here the perils for the West of such a truce. My colleague, James Burnham, has long and patiently pointed them out in explicit detail. On the other hand, the depth and ferocity of the world crisis is measured by the fact that the atomic stalemate forced the East-West conflict into space in order to continue it on the scale of that new, fluid dimension.

## *Two Points Overlooked*

The question is inescapable: How long can this go on, how far, and to what end? I find no comfort, because I put little credence, in the complacency of those who say: We can outlast and outplay the Russians at this game. This seems to me to overlook (among others) two instantly visible points. It assumes 1) that the Russians are competing only in the rocket field, and not in others, where, in general, they have been more successful than we have been to date. It overlooks 2) that a formidable enemy, seeing itself dangerously outclassed, might be driven to desperation. In that case, the rockets might, at that moment, cease to be primarily political, and become in fact primarily military weapons. With that we are back at those ruins.

The larger probability would seem to be that neither power can long sustain a decisive over-all weapons headway of the other; but that, by spurts, now one, now the other, will draw ahead in some feature of this mortal race. Of course, this leave out the possibility of the development of a defense, at least partially effective, against rockets. I am told, pretty reliably I believe, that we are in fact hopefully engaged in such a project. If this is true, you can be reasonably sure that so is the vigilant enemy. But such defense, too, works both ways, and would seem again to bring us to a point of partial standoff without, however, ending the weapons and space race.

Obviously, this cannot be ended while either side is racing. For if it is true that Soviet missiles are primarily political, we cannot therefore cease trying to catch up and overtake Soviet progress. To do so would also



be hideous folly; would again, instantly, and more certainly than any desperation, convert the Soviet rockets from political to prime offensive weapons of immediate aggression. We can only do our utmost to outmatch the presumed Soviet lead. In this matter, I find myself thinking more like a Democrat than like many of my more tranquilized fellow-Republicans; and this, both as to belief in the necessity of supposing that a Soviet lead exists and may widen, and the necessity of sparing no effort or cost to close the weapons gap.

But, at that unsparing point, certain consequences also appear, which my mind refuses not to face as part of our total reality. As the weapons and space race climbs ever more steeply in cost and effort over years, it is scarcely conceivable that the pull should not begin to be felt by every American in constrictive ways, which, if pushed (and there are plenty of pushers around, gleefully waiting for a pretext) must radically transform our way of life. The Russian missile and space program is paid for directly out of the pockets, hide and hopes of the Soviet citizen. True, Russia began from hunger while we still have wads of affluent fat to melt off before the pinch is cruel; and the strong-arm State must enforce those ultimate sacrifices which State power exists to enforce. Is it conceivable that it will not come to this, even among us? It will be simple necessity; and necessity is its own imperative sanction.

## *Mikoyan's Message*

I submit that this is one reason why certain businessmen, who sense clearly enough the grim shape of things to come, appeared to listen with closer attention than did certain hopefully socializing labor leaders, to what Anastas Mikoyan flew so far to tell us, namely: that Russia wants to end the Cold War. I submit, too, that this was what Mikoyan chiefly came to say, and that all else—verbal ticklings of the German question; or talk of trade contingent on credits; or the relaxing of our restrictions on certain exports; or a passionate interest in supermarketing and the packaging of potato chips—was incidental to that one simple statement: Russia wants to end the Cold War. The commissar had only to repeat it as frequently and publicly as possible since, above all, he was saying it over the heads of the Administration to the people as a whole. Nor was this just a random tactic of divisive mischief. This kind of deception applies a tactic rooted in Communist theory and successfully tested in four decades of Soviet practice.

But the prospect of political and economic changes among us is not the only transformation we might bear in mind as an ultimate consequence of the space and weapons race. There is another transformation, which is much more certain, and certain to come much faster. Usually, this one is discussed in terms of American education and its inadequacies. In some circles, it has become almost a sport to cite the discrepant figures which tend to show how many more scientists, engineers, etc., etc. the Russians are yearly graduating than are we. It is a deadly sport. For, if the figures are generally

*(Continued on p. 555)*

# *Did Cousins Cozen the Pilots?*

**A man who was there tells the on-again-off-again story of the UN emblem, United Air Lines, Norman Cousins and the Airline Pilots' Association**

FRANK A. TINKER

On November 10, 1958 the convention of the Airline Pilots' Association voted unanimous support of the United Nations. A few weeks before, the editor of the *Saturday Review,* Norman Cousins, had initiated a boycott of United Air Lines because that company, on the demand of customers, had removed the United Nations emblem from its aircraft. In urging the boycott, editor Cousins admitted that United did a good job of running an airline, but laid down this frightening bit of Liberal dogma:

> . . . It is not enough these days just to have a good product. [A company] must identify itself with the things that make for forward motion in the nation and the world. . . .

Earlier last year Captain Charles Dent, an excellent pilot and a man of the best intentions, put a disabled United DC-7 down on a foam-covered California runway without fatality or serious damage. For this public relations boon, and in line with a practice earlier established at United, a grateful and relieved company presented Dent with a check for $5,500. But Charlie Dent, like many other energetic, idealistic bachelors, often goes outside his daily trade for what he believes is a wider personal identification and fulfillment. The money was promptly transferred to the American Association for the United Nations. Such generous support for what he—as an individual—approved was his decision and his right.

Then, pressing a natural advantage, Captain Dent urged the management of United Air Lines to put the United Nations emblem on the fuselage of the company's planes, and some UN literature into the seat pouches. Mr. W. A. Patterson, president of United Air Lines, was easily persuaded. He had long been sympathetic to the UN and apparently believed that his sympathies were almost universally shared. After all, there was no American Association to Belittle the United Nations.

But a few weeks after the appearance of the emblem on the first few planes, Mr. Patterson had a surprising footnote to his casual assumption. Not only "a few extremists," as Mr. Cousins later characterized them, but a considerable number of thoughtful Americans wrote to express their concern that a public transportation company would propagandize for what to them was still very much a matter of controversy. As Mr. Patterson said, in answering the Cousins proposal to boycott his airline for removing the emblem, there were ". . . many people for whom I have a respect equal to that which I have for you who do not agree with me. . . . It became very apparent in a short time after our announcement that I was extremely naive."

### *Editor Indignant*

After a sobering look into the mail, the management removed the UN emblem with as much grace and as little public notice as possible. It turned out that the literature which Mr. Cousins had "noted with dismay" was no longer aboard the aircraft, had never actually been there. But, taking over from Charlie Dent, whose earlier action he had praised (and perhaps guided), Mr. Cousins gave forth with indignation and uproar.

Strangely enough, Mr. Cousins' ostensible complaint was that United's reconsideration had taken place quietly instead of with fanfare. Had someone less UN-inclined than President Patterson been in control, there might well have been public fireworks and denunciation, and some deservedly blunt words about having been misled. Then Mr. Cousins' boycott would no doubt have been pressed even more vehemently.

Thus the Cousins complaint against United's sobriety can be dismissed as indicating only the lack of anything better, and the saddening political boycott proposed by editor Cousins deserves only to be filed and forgotten. What remains important is for the public to understand how a major segment of a supposedly sophisticated industry such as that represented by United Air Lines and the Pilots' Association was ever maneuvered into their unbecoming position in the first place For explanation, we need only return to Miami Beach and the Pilots' convention.

Enter the same likable Captain Charlie Dent, now fully aware that a certain portion of the traveling public—for whatever reason—was not happy at being confronted on a public vehicle with pleas for support of the UN cause. But in spite of this cogent evidence that the UN was, to many Americans, an open issue still to be decided on the basis of its promise or threat to themselves and their nation, it was pictured to the pilots as something else again.

Appearing before the committee appointed to give a final recommendation anent his proposal for public ALPA support of the UN, Captain Dent gave a well-prepared pitch, complete with posters and assurances that this was, after all, no more than going on record against sin. Here, the familiar argument ran, was essentially a humanitarian agency, no more. Here was not only the best but the only hope for peace. Had there been a United Nations in the past, he implied, there would never have been the rivers of soldiers' blood and the agony of war. This being so, it was our self-evident duty to our dead comrades in arms, who died for peace, to support the UN cause.

When reminded by a delegate that his own friends, at least, had died because they preferred risking their lives rather than accepting their country's surrender, and asked whether a strong America might not be more appropriate to those particular sacrifices, Charlie answered glibly that military strength was meaningless when neither side could survive its use. When asked by the same delegate how the UN could continue to be presented as a creature of peace after it had been involved in several wars of its own, Charlie explained with deep conviction that these police actions could not be counted as wars, compared to the holocaust which the UN had averted. Apparently war and peace have their new Orwellian definitions.

When Charlie was further asked whether he seriously believed, after Hungary, that public opinion in Ethiopia, Finland and the United States would deter the Communists from starting the holocaust also, if and when they felt it would be to their advantage, he answered with B / Scout candor: "Of course. We *must* believe this."

## *The Old Tactic*

This is where Charlie and the delegate who had been putting these rather obvious questions—the present author, of course—parted company, realizing that the basic argument was insoluble. Either I was completely unimaginative about mankind's future, or Charlie was completely ignorant about its past.

One valid point remained: was the floor of a labor convention the place to air our dispute? Was a professional association of airline pilots the legitimate instrument by which to promote one or the other of these viewpoints on war and the UN?

On this point I was defeated, as thoroughly as if I had let the ridiculous claim that the UN was the sole proprietor of peace shame me into silence, as apparently intended. Actually, it seemed to me that carrying such a quarrel to the floor would only bring dissension that the members could not afford. I therefore left the arena while Charlie's proposal was quickly pushed through.

These are the tactics by which so many stunned members of such organizations find themselves sponsors of something they may heartily disapprove.

Perhaps some of the delegates to our convention still believed when they left the hall that they had been under a sort of moral obligation to vote in favor of this item. After all, the resolution said only that the pilots approved the vague anti-war sentiments of the preamble to the UN charter, the sincerity of which is attested to by the signature of a recent posthumous exile, one J. Stalin.

## *The New Liberalism*

These pilots should reread Mr. Cousins' inadvertent explanation of their predicament: "It is not enough these days just to have a good product. . . . [A company] must identify itself with the things that make for forward motion in the nation and the world. . . ." Or face a boycott.

In brief, the pilots are willy-nilly aligned with the philosophy that unless any such company as United Air Lines—and its pilots—not only agree with Mr. Cousins and Charlie Dent in their definition of just which direction is forward these days, *but also actively promote that definition*, they do not deserve to be in business or, consequently, to hold jobs!

Does this sound like the humanitarianism Charlie Dent was selling? Is this the freedom of thought and expression on which such Liberals as Mr. Cousins insist so vociferously? Or is this a new definition of Liberalism, to go with those of peace and war, which has been given to trusting innocents like Captain Dent to peddle?

More specifically, is every airline pilot who belongs to the Association or any other similarly placed member of a trade or professional organization now required to believe loudly, by the very by-laws of his union, that his only salvation lies in the hands of he UN—or, if he cannot stomach this, to remain silent? Strictly speaking, yes. Most union constitutions prohibit members, under threat of expulsion, from opposing any policy adopted by the organization.

At the risk of my standing in the Pilots' Association, which I joined with so many others to help promote the interests of aviation, I say that I disagree wholeheartedly with this decision and this policy. I would also have disagreed just as vehemently with any policy of denouncing the UN. Had I felt the overwhelming need to express myself for or against the UN, I would have joined one of the many organizations extant which are designed specifically for that purpose.

Apparently these sentiments are also held by the several indignant Utah members of the Association who asked me on my return from the convention just how anyone had assumed the right to vote for them on such a question. They had not wittingly given any mandate on this or any other matter outside of aviation. It was with relief, mingled with regret, that I told them I had not even voted. Perhaps such silence had helped avoid a bitter factional fracas. But most certainly silence also contributed to the usurpation of these pilots' rights as individuals.

In their indignation, however, lies the only encouragement in the dismal affair. Apparently these pilots believe that a forum is of merit only when its intent is not being subverted. Having seen more dangerous military service per capita than any other professional group in the country, they are as convinced as anyone that maintaining the peace is now essential to mankind. But they see little excuse for delivering the total responsibility for this strenuous task into inept, ineffective, and frightened hands.

Now that the lesson has been made clear, they also object to having the present world organization paraded for their approval under false colors, as something quite different from what it is taken to be by the hard-headed governments that make use of it—an occasionally useful tool of national policy. For their physical and moral salvation, these pilots want to reserve their faith for agencies of their own choosing: nation, church or whatever it may be. On such matters, they deny the right of anyone else to speak for them.

The next time you read that any such organization as a pilots' union has offici lly espoused any such cause as the UN, don't jump to conclusions, then, about what the members think.

# Soviet-American United Front

JAMES BURNHAM

**The Soviet Union has maneuvered the United States into a united front which has for its objective the destruction of a major anti-Communist force. That statement may sound crazy, but it is true. That is the political meaning of Washington's decision to send arms to Achmed Sukarno's government in Jakarta.**

**If this united front operation succeeds, the result will be a Communist—that is, Soviet—assumption of control over Indonesia. Moscow will sit astride the world lines of communication through the South Seas.**

In underdeveloped nations, new and old, revolts are ordinarily the personal ventures of ambitious or disgruntled Outs who want to be Ins. The rebellion in Indonesia, which has been endemic since the morrow of separation from the Dutch, has more solid footing in geopolitical, ethnic, economic and religious facts.

The 85 million inhabitants of the 3,000-mile, 3,000-island archipelago called Indonesia are divided into 15 major and many minor ethnic groups. Fifty-one per cent are Javanese, who occupy the central portions of the island of Java. The other 49 per cent live on the two ends of Java, in Borneo and Sumatra (each larger than Java), Celebes and several hundred more of the islands in the chain. Three or four million Chinese have drifted in, as everywhere in the South Seas. About 90 per cent of the population is Moslem—Indonesia is one horn of the great scepter of Islam—and the rest Christian, Buddhist and Hindu.

Under these conditions the original plan for an independent Indonesia provided, reasonably enough, for a federated government, with the capital in Java (at Jakarta) and considerable autonomy for the outer islands.

The Sukarno regime ditched the federation agreement, and has tried to impose on all Indonesia a Javanese imperialism, economic as well as political. Java drains the wealth of the outer islands, several of which are richer in resources than Java itself. About 90 per cent of the Jakarta budget has been paid from outside Java, a statistic which has led the anti-Jakarta rebels to revive the American revolutionary charge of taxation without representation.

The Communists tried a premature and unsuccessful coup shortly after independence. They then shifted to a gradualist, infiltration tactic. They adopted as their strategic perspective the same Javanese centralism and imperialism toward which Sukarno aimed. Thus coinciding in fundamental line, the Communist and Sukarno-Javanese forces have inevitably fused. Their fate is now inseparable. The Communist Party is today the strongest and largest in Java, quite probably with a voting majority. The Sukarno regime—including the army under the non-Communist General Nasution, on whom the State Department's illusions focus—is *already*, in essentials, a captive government.

By the nature of the situation, the Sukarno-Communist political drive toward Javanese centralism provoked a counteraction. With the cement of the struggle for independence gone—though Sukarno has tried to restore it by his demagogic campaign for "recovery" of New Guinea—centrifugal tendencies drove the outer islands and non-Javanese peoples into opposition. Some areas—parts of the Moluccas and of Sarawak and Celebes—never have acknowledged Jakarta's rule. In others, revolt spread until it broke into headlines last year.

## *Strategy of the Rebels*

The policy of the rebels is also dictated by the given situation. They want a federal political structure, with an end to Javanese exploitation. They are anti-Communist: partly on religious grounds, partly because of the fusion between the Communists and the Sukarno regime. Some of them are pro-Western, either from personal conviction or with the hope (so far vain) that they might get Western backing.

Last spring the rebels soon realized they could not, as yet, hold large cities. They fell back into the villages and jungles. They now control and administer large regions of the outer islands, and even some of western Java, which is inhabited by Sundanese.

The rebel political headquarters is in central Sumatra, under Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, Burhanuddin Harahap and the leader of the powerful Moslem Masjumi Party, Muhammad Natsir. Much of north Sumatra is controlled by the rebel general, Tengku Daud Beureueh; and north Celebes, by Colonels Mazakkar and Kailarang.

The prevailing rebel tactic is to strengthen their political position in the countryside, train volunteers, and apply economic pressures against economically vulnerable Jakarta.

## *Future of the United Front*

Under the new Moscow-Washington united front, Sukarno-Communist pilots will drop American bombs from their Soviet MIGs on their anti-Communist freedom fighters. Czech-made jeeps mounted with American machine guns will hunt through the jungles. Indonesian Communists serving in Nasution's army will shoot Beureueh's partisans with clips of American shells.

Even supported by the Moscow-Washington front, it is not certain that Jakarta will win in the long run. The conflict will be longer and bloodier; and the rebels, potentially the friends and even the allies of the West, must inevitably be turned into bitter enemies. They have so far—on political grounds—avoided sabotage of the huge American oil and rubber installations on Sumatra, though these indirectly serve Sukarno's interest. Quite probably this immunity will soon be cancelled. Guerrillas can always get enough explosives to blow things up.

We have not heard the last of the united front against anti-Communist revolt. *Is this not the real content of the Kennan-Lippmann-Stevenson proposals on East Germany and Eastern Europe?*

# *Letter from the Continent*

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

## *The Italian Imbroglio*

Cynical as it may sound, it would be a boon for Italy if she had her own Algeria and thus a chance to switch to a more authoritarian regime as France did under pressure and duress. Because Italy has no such overseas problem, Italian liberal democracy has been permitted to follow its normal course of chaotic decay which, interrupted in 1933, has continued since 1943. This, of course, does not mean that a return to Fascism would be desirable, that the Missini ("neo-Fascists") have a chance of succeeding, or even that a revival of the monarchy is in the offing.

Italy has no rallying point apart from the Vatican, which, though headed by a Pontiff more popular than any of his predecessors in the last hundred and fifty years, is far from ideal. The Vatican appears to the average Italian as the driving force behind one party —the *Democrazia Cristiana* (Demo Christians)—whereas a proper center of gravity must be above parties, above factions, and above ideologies. The Demo Christians persist in clinging to the apron-strings of the Vatican, thereby making it impossible for the Holy See to act as neutral umpire. The Papacy is psychologically in Italy's political arena and must face all the undesirable consequences of such a position. As long as Italy's parliamentary system (with its iron necessity for a dynamic and powerful Catholic party) survives, as long as Italy has not undergone a monarchic restoration, this tedious and unwholesome relation between the Church and politics, between the Vatican and the Demo Christians, the bishops and certain parliamentarians, will **continue.**

### *Nenni and the Communists*

What has happened in the last few weeks is curious and was not quite expected. When the Italian Socialists (the PSI) held a huge party congress in Naples, Nenni and his personal supporters succeeded in gaining a majority for a break with the Communists. Ever since the fall of Fascism there had been close collaboration between Nenni (who holds a Stalin prize) and Palmiro Togliatti, dictated by the effective tie of Marxist doctrine. Apart from this ideological connection, Nenni always expected that his party and the Communists, in coalition, might gain a majority and then merge as had the Marxists (under Russian pressure) in Soviet Germany and Hungary. In those countries the Socialists were permitted to get nice sinecures, if not important positions. But as the years passed by it became more and more evident that, as a result of the process of "de-Stalinization"—specifically, the sweeping condemnation of Stalinist rule—and of the East German, Polish, and Hungarian rebellions, the moral prestige of the Communists was constantly on the downgrade. Another factor in the Communist decline was the slow but steady *embourgeoisement* of the Italian worker.

At an earlier Congress of the PSI in Venice a proposal to break with the Communists was voted down, but in Naples the rupture seemed definite. Hardly had Nenni regained his independence than he declared himself unwilling to join the government or to enter into any other alliance. His policy is now one of wait-and-see.

### *Repercussions*

The decision of the PSI had momentous repercussions in two other parties, the Social-Democrats of Saragat (PSDI) and the Republican Party (PRI), both of which are left-of-center, mildly anticlerical and none too happy as tails of Fanfani's Demo Christian governmental kite. These groups also held congresses. A minority of the Saragàtists was openly in favor of joining the "decommunized" Nenni faction, and even the PRI nearly split. So attractive did the large Nenni Socialist bloc prove that the Saragatists left the government coalition, thereby forcing the resignation as Prime Minister of Fanfani, who then lacked the required majority in parliament. The situation in Italy is strongly reminiscent of that in France two years ago—with the difference that Italy has no colonists and no colonels.

To make matters worse, a deep crisis is making itself felt within the ranks of the Demo Christians. It should never be forgotten that Europe's political stability is largely due to the sense that it is a *duty* to close ranks against the Communists. However, the defection of Nenni from his Communist allies, the shrinking Communist vote in the factory councils, the resumption of the altercations between Tito and the Kremlin, are weakening the ardor of Italy's anti-Communist front. As far as the Italians are concerned, the Berlin crisis could as well be on the moon.

### *Demo Christians Split*

The Demo Christians have always shown the political divergence typical of practicing Catholics almost everywhere. Catholics on the Continent, while sharing a few common notions, are miles apart on political questions. The Demo Christians in particular are torn between a left wing, a right wing, and a center which consists mostly of fence-straddlers. The further up one goes on the intellectual scale, the more leftists there are. They have little *popular* appeal, but they are in commanding positions in the party. (President Gronchi, significantly enough, is one of them, and rumors persist in Rome that he wants a coalition of the Demo Christians with the Nenni Socialists.) On the right we find men like Professor Gedda, Don Sturzo, whose pen is still powerful, Pella, and Scelba (the founder of the *celere*, the hard-hitting police force); at the left center there is Amintore Fanfani, who has also resigned as secretary of the party. A division of the party would enormously weaken the Christian position in Italy; therefore, so fatal a step is unlikely. Religious self-discipline, in all likelihood, will prevent the worst. Professor Jemolo, by no means a "rightist" Catholic, thinks that a left Catholic party would not poll more than 15 per cent of the votes.

# *Communist China: A Christian View*

**Should American Christians advocate U.S. recognition and UN membership for the Peiping regime? A former Protestant missionary to China tells why not.**

B. A. GARSIDE

*On November 21, 1958, the question how American Christians should view the attempts of Communist China to achieve U.S. recognition and UN membership came sharply into focus. On that date, in Cleveland, delegates to a World Order Study Conference sponsored by the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., voted "unanimous" support of a Resolution favoring U.S. recognition of Red China and its admission to the UN. This Resolution, widely reported here and abroad, was interpreted by the international Communist propaganda apparatus as proof that the American Protestant community favored both recognition and UN admission. These reports caused dismay among our allies, particularly in the Far East.*

*Believing it urgently necessary to counteract these effects of the Resolution, the Committee Of One Million (Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations) organized an* ad hoc *Clergymen's Committee to poll a broad cross-section of Protestant ministers on the questions raised. Members of the* ad hoc *Committee included Bishop Fred Pierce Corson, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Rev. Daniel A. Poling and Bishop Herbert Welch. The Committee queried some 48,000 clergymen of all denominations, in all the 48 states. Over 9,000 replied: 7,837 opposed both U.S. recognition of Red China and its admission to the UN; 1,042 favored both; 209 expressed either no opinion or a divided opinion. The poll showed that 87 per cent of those who replied were directly opposed to the Resolution.*

*Dr. Garside here formulates, in terms of Christian principles, the stand which he believes Americans should take toward United States relations with Communist China.* THE EDITORS

The approach of American Christians to the complex question whether the Chinese Communist regime should receive diplomatic recognition and United Nations membership should be a broad consideration of what course will ultimately prove best for the Chinese people, for the United States, for universal peace and security, and for world Christianity.

I believe that diplomatic recognition and UN membership for the Chinese Communist regime would be inimical to each of these broad interests, for the following reasons:

1. The Chinese Communist regime meets only one of the three standards normally required of any government before it receives diplomatic recognition and UN membership: a) control of territory; b) consent of the governed; and c) ability and willingness to meet international obligations. While this regime at present controls mainland China, there is overwhelming evidence that it does not have the support of the great masses of people on the Chinese mainland, and that it has never seriously tried or desired to meet its international obligations.

2. Throughout its existence the Chinese Communist regime has consistently violated both the letter and the spirit of the United Nations Charter. Its constantly enunciated purposes directly contradict those of the United Nations as set forth in Article 1 of the Charter. Its actions openly defy the principles of the UN as set forth in Article 2. So long as the UN's own conviction of the regime as an aggressor remains unpurged, the regime cannot legally or morally be admitted, because Article 4 provides that "Membership in the United Nations is open to all other peace-loving states which accept the obligations contained in the present charter, and which, in the judgment of the organization, are able to carry out these obligations." If the regime somehow became a member of the UN, that organization should move immediately for its expulsion under the provisions of Article 6: "A member of the United Nations which has persistently violated the principles contained in the present charter may be expelled from the organization."

Should the United Nations ever sacrifice, in the name of expediency, all of these principles upon which it was founded, and upon which its moral authority must rest, in order to admit any such regime as the Chinese Communists have shown themselves to be, the United Nations will then have passed the point of no return along the dreary road down which the League of Nations descended to oblivion.

## *Chinese People Enslaved*

3. The Communist regime is completely alien to China in its origin, its ideology, and its actions. The Communist movement in China was founded by Russians, and has always been led by Russians or by men who have been trained and indoctrinated in Russia. It consistently seeks to destroy all the personal and national characteristics which have given the Chinese people strength and unity—loyalty to the family, dignity and integrity of the individual, veneration for freedom and truth and the right to express it, reliance on reason rather than brute force. It is trying deliberately to transform China from a nation groping toward a free and democratic way of life to a totalitarian system based on force, terror, and mass slavery.

4. The vast majority of the mainland Chinese are bitterly opposed to the Communist regime and are resisting it by every means in their

power. Millions have fled, and are fleeing—often in great hardship and danger—from the mainland to any place where they can find refuge, leaving behind relatives, friends, worldly possessions. In Korea more than two-thirds of the Chinese Communist prisoners of war—considered fanatical supporters of Communism—refused grimly to return to the mainland and insisted on going to Formosa. The regime's own official figures show that over twenty million Chinese have been executed, and many times that number imprisoned and put in slave labor camps, for opposing the regime. Despite every form of brutal repression, revolts against this regime are constantly breaking out all over the mainland. That the opposition includes all classes—students, intellectuals and humanitarians along with peasants and laborers—was shown by the wide storm of criticism that so startled the leaders of the regime in 1957, when they briefly authorized some freedom of expression, that they hastily reverted to their normal policies of ruthless suppression.

### *Enemy of Religion*

5. The Chinese Communist regime is inherently atheistic, and the enemy of every form of religion. It has compiled a massive record of imprisonment, torture, and sadism in its persecution of the adherents of every faith —Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedanism. Authentic records of the suffering and martyrdom of many thousands of missionaries and Chinese Christians comprise a chapter of both tragedy and heroism rarely equalled in history—and that chapter is still being extended.

As Communism tries to pervert every part of the social order to its own ends, so it attempts to pervert Christianity to serve materialistic atheism. Churches are allowed to remain open only where it is thought they will serve Communist propaganda and ideology. Those who would be spiritual leaders in these churches must renounce all ties with their brethren in the free world, must bow to the supervision and control of atheist officials, and must avoid any word or deed which might offend the Communists. Though in their hearts they remain true to their Christian faith they must suppress much of what they would say, and must say and do much against which they inwardly rebel. The worshippers in these churches must likewise avoid any word or act which might bring suspicion on them or their church, and must not only give lip service to, but even participate in, many things contrary to their Christian faith. It is a part of the Communist plan that in these ways the regime can utilize the forms of religion so that eventually they will destroy religion itself.

### *No End to Struggle*

6. The Communist regime is so innately the enemy of all free countries that so long as both the regime and the free countries keep their inherent nature there can be no true friendship or cooperation between them. Until one side or the other surrenders, or is transformed, the struggle will go on. The Communists boast that they will yield nothing, will use every form of deceit, terror, and violence to attain their ends.

For the past decade powerful forces in America have been seeking—often with the worthiest of motives—to win the friendship and cooperation of the Chinese Communist regime. Often America has been close to giving diplomatic recognition to, and approving UN membership for, this regime. But on each such occasion the Chinese Communists have—seemingly deliberately — committed unprovoked acts designed to insult and outrage the American people. Their prolonged campaign of stirring up all over mainland China a hysterical hatred for America is motivated primarily by their realization that so long as America remains strong, democratic, and Christian it is an intolerable challenge to all the Communist regime stands for. Every well-intentioned effort by Americans to cross over to the Communist side of that chasm is interpreted by the Communists as a sign of fear, weakness and surrender.

7. Any American sponsorship of diplomatic recognition and UN membership for the Chinese Communist regime would immeasurably strengthen that regime, both at home and abroad. It would convince the masses of mainland Chinese that the regime is permanently established, and that further resistance is useless. All the free countries of Asia which are now grimly resisting Communism would interpret such an action to mean that they could no longer count on American support and must make the best terms they could with the Communists. Inside the United States Chinese Communist embassies, consulates, and trading companies would be used as centers for espionage, propaganda, and persecution of all the anti-Communist Chinese who have fled to this country.

8. Yet diplomatic recognition and UN membership for the Chinese Communist regime would by no means enable American individuals, educational or humanitarian institutions, or churches to re-establish free contacts with the people of mainland China. The experience of all Western nations, such as Great Britain, which have recognized the Chinese Communists, has been consistently one of discourteous treatment, refusal to permit nationals of other countries to engage in free movement about the mainland or to carry on trade, educational work, or missionary effort, and generally unsatisfactory response to all efforts at cooperation and reciprocity. There is little ground for hope that Americans would fare better.

### *Regime Not Firm*

9. It is fallacious to assume that the Chinese Communist regime is so strongly and permanently entrenched that it must be recognized and given UN membership as an integral part of the world community. The whole course of human history is filled with examples of apparently permanent and powerful tyrannies which have quickly toppled and disappeared. Despite frantic efforts of the Chinese Communist leaders to demonstrate their strength, there are numerous and growing evidences of serious weaknesses within the regime, and of the possibility that it must either change drastically or lose its control. A firm stand now by America and the free world will certainly hasten that process of disintegration—whereas the granting of diplomatic recognition and UN membership would give the regime vastly increased power, prestige, and permanency.

10. For Christian leaders in America

to advocate and work for diplomatic recognition and UN membership for the Chinese Communist regime is a grave disservice to all the multitudes of Asian Christians who are tenaciously carrying on an unending struggle against atheistic Communism. It ignores the suffering and sacrifices of the hundreds of Western missionaries and the many thousands of Chinese Christians who have chosen persecution, imprisonment, torture, even martyrdom, rather than betray their faith and their comrades. It deserts all the mainland Christians who are still holding to their faith and praying for the day when the scourge of Communism will be removed. It shocks and bewilders the Chinese Christians who have fled to the free countries of Asia and the West so that they may maintain their freedom of thought and worship. It confuses and discourages the Christians of other free countries in Asia who have built their lives and their faith upon the belief that they cannot serve both God and Mammon.

### *Suggested Action*

11. There are many far more effective and more Christian ways than advocacy of diplomatic recognition and UN membership for the Chinese Communists by which the churches and religious leaders of America can meet the urgent and complex problem posed by the present situation in mainland China and elsewhere in Asia:

a) They can multiply manyfold their sympathetic understanding and practical assistance to the millions of refugees from Communist tyranny and persecution who, after innumerable hardships and dangers, are now destitute and often discouraged.

b) They can demonstrate their Christian understanding of and redouble their cooperation with the multitude of free Chinese Christians who have fled from the domination of Communist atheism and are struggling to maintain and to propagate their faith under great hardships and discouragements.

c) There are many ways through which they can communicate to the persecuted Chinese Christians on the mainland their sympathetic understanding of their plight and admiration for their courage and fidelity, and their determination to assist—by every Christian means in their power—these Chinese Christians through this period of persecution.

d) Instead of counselling surrender to recognized powers of evil, they can proclaim, and live by, and work for, their Christian faith that eventually right and freedom and justice will conquer the forces of evil, atheism and tyranny. Instead of a negative and defeatist attitude which seeks to make terms with evil, they can adopt a positive and constructive policy which sets out to overcome evil with good.

*(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R,* NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

---

MISSILES, BRAINS AND MIND

*(Continued from p. 548)*

accurate (and, again, for our own skins' sake it is well to assume that they are), they spell out a portent. It is, of course, that in a comparatively short time the Russians will have produced a massively outnumbering elite of the kind on which the security and progress of modern States depend. Nor is this, again, a sudden, spastic lunge on the Russians' part. Again, the development of such an elite derives directly from Communist theory and the Communist world-view. Those who would like to glimpse what the enemy is up to, could do worse than dip (for a starter) into Friedrich Engels' polemical work commonly called the *Anti-Duehring.*

In general, the problem appears to be viewed as simply one of education, in an almost automatic sense. "Give us the funds, the necessary physical plant and the proper teachers' pay," goes the refrain in which can be heard the deep hunting bay of the Education lobby in full cry—"Give us these, and we will mass-produce the brains." And, certainly, these needs must be met if brains are to be mass-processed.

Yet it seems possible, too, that the problem does not turn wholly on the academic processing of what we loosely call "brains." It would seem to turn, at least as critically, on the much more difficult problem of what we loosely call "mind." I suggest that the implied presence in the latter word of reflective and creative imagination, rare and elusive as a trace metal, measures some difference of meaning between the two terms. Practical brains we have always had, and of an organizing genius whose scale and audacity have made America one of the wonders of history. Mind, in the sense I have suggested, is something else again, not, perhaps, because it is necessarily in short supply, but because something like a national revolution in our attitude to it must occur before it can become effective.

### *Revenge of the Mind*

Almost a decade ago, Henry Regnery, the publisher, and I sat with some others in (appropriately, perhaps) the Douglas MacArthur suite of a Midwest hotel. There were no Sputniks in the sky that year. Yet there was a shared feeling that something was radically wrong in the land, which the conversation tried, fumblingly, to get at. Somebody said: "America has always secretly despised the mind. Now mind is taking its revenge. We need it desperately; and it simply isn't there." A sweeping criticism, but not nearly so critical or so sweeping as the evidence which has since crested in our missiles lag. The energy of practical brains, backed by the immense resources of our technology, may make good that lag, which, in default of sovereign and imaginative mind, was not foreseen—together with much else. It is a basic attitude toward mind, quite as much as education, that needs transforming. Such basic transformations are, admittedly, harder to make, and take longer, than mass-processing a dozen campus generations, or even closing a missiles gap. But there seems no valid reason to suppose that necessity will not breed what survival requires. That is one root challenge of our ordeal.

While we are mastering it, we might do worse than curb those recurrent twinges of fear that secretly (and sometimes openly) beset us, by fixing in our heads the insight that the great diagnostician of this age added to the grammar of courage: "What does not destroy me, makes me stronger."

# Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

## "Slippage" and the Theory of the Lesser Evil

"Better to win with Eisenhower than lose with Taft"—this slogan of 1952 tore the American Right in two, sounding the death knell of the Republican Party as a conservative force and giving the New Deal revolution an eight-year period to consolidate itself and prepare for the next leap forward towards socialism. A tragically concrete expression of the "lesser evil" theory of politics, it brings into sharp focus the malady that has for many years devitalized American conservatism and inhibited the growth of an effective political opposition to the Liberalocracy that year by year moves us further down the road to totalitarianism.

It is this concentration on "winning" by accepting more and more of the enemy's rules for the conduct of the game that has caused the phenomenon of "slippage," which I discussed in these columns last month: the continuing surrender of forward positions, the continuing conservative defense of positions farther and farther to the rear.

It is true that it is sometimes necessary to compromise, to accept a lesser evil in order to fend off a greater one, to bargain in the political process when you have to. But it is only safe to do so if a firm, principled position is maintained and the compromise is consciously accepted as a compromise, as a concession imposed by weakness. And it is particularly necessary to maintain this clarity when the lesser evil is not some organization or legislative measure, but a political leader, a man to whom support must be given without endorsing his personality, his views, or his integrity. It is vital that it be perfectly clear that he serves you only expediently, is your ally for the moment only.

But the temptation to conservatives, once committed to the support of such a man, has been to see in the lesser evil a good, to attach themselves to him with enthusiasm, to neglect his basic commitments to the prevailing values of Liberalism, to hail him as a hero of opposition to Liberalism—when all his fair-seeming words mean is that he or his advisors want to trap conservative votes in an internecine struggle within the fabric of Liberalism. Support of the lesser evil can only be given without profound danger if it is clearly understood that the lesser evil supported is *an evil,* that what is being undertaken is a temporary alliance for reasons of maneuver, not an ideological endorsement of the lesser evil as *good.*

Otherwise, the force or the man to whom conservatives give their support, with the hope of blocking the victory of a greater evil, inevitably becomes not a means but an end. The conservative begins to equate his goals with those of his ally, surrendering leadership to him. What is worse, he begins to see as the decisive field of battle against the Liberal revolution what is only the arena of an inner struggle among those who accept the fundamentals of the Liberal revolution, who differ only upon the extent of its goals and the speed with which they are to be achieved. Under such circumstances, "slippage" towards the Left is bound to occur.

When, year after year, the money, the energy, the enthusiasm of American conservatives is devoted to the success of the political fortunes of Liberals who happen to be somewhat to the right of other Liberals—a Willkie, a Dewey, an Eisenhower—it follows that conservative consciousness will be conditioned to delight in the virtues of a $77-billion budget as over against an $80-billion budget; in a federal educational loan program as over against more direct federal interference in education; in the steady extension of the social-security system, slow only by comparison with the demands of a Reuther or a Humphrey—to delight, in short, in creeping socialism because it creeps instead of leaping.

Nor in the even more urgent area of the fight against Communism have conservatives gained from those whom they have supported. Eisenhower blessed the destruction of McCarthy; sadly bemoaning the murder of Hungary, responded to it by a series of Geneva conferences and cultural exchanges, culminating in the disgraceful Mikoyan tour. The Herculean labors of Dulles, it is true, have done something to stem the tide of retreat, but then Truman acted well when Greece and Turkey were threatened and at the beginning of the Korean War. The net balance of 1959, after six years of an Administration brought into power by the basic backing of conservative votes, registers an immense slippage in our will to resist Communism and in our position *vis-à-vis* Communism.

The tendency is to cry, "We wuz robbed," to blame those whom conservatives supported for deception. But this is unfair. The fundamental affinity to Liberalism of the right-wing Liberals whom conservatives have supported, has never been concealed. The UN rhetoric of Eisenhower, his insistence (in a world darkened by the Communist drive for universal conquest) that "war is unthinkable," his solemn assurance that he did not intend to reverse the New Deal—these were enough to describe the Liberal shape of his vision of the world.

The conservative believes that in a world in which tyranny threatens to destroy us, surrender is the only thing that is unthinkable; he believes that the New Deal represents the breakthrough of socialism and that only by its reversal can a free society in America be guaranteed. He has only himself to blame when he supports those who make clear that they believe the opposite.

If conservatives will judge the men and organizations they support by conservative criteria, instead of allowing their energies to be siphoned off by any right-wing Liberal who wheedles them with occasional words of conservative sound, then a consolidation of conservatism would become possible—and a halt might be called to the continuing slippage we are witnessing. Otherwise, that slippage will continue inexorably.

## Television

# *Life-Enrichment: Wednesdays, 1:00-5:00 P.M.*

ALOISE B. HEATH

This page is dedicated to everybody in the United States who habitually spends weekday afternoons reading, writing, walking, talking, ditch-digging, tea-dancing or otherwise not watching television programs, for Aloise B. Heath, between whom and her duty nothing is allowed to interfere, just happens to be in a position to tell all these lucky people what they are spared.

The first program these privileged people don't see on weekday afternoons is a painful little comedy called *My Little Margie,* which, last Wednesday, showed in approximately fifty-four labored little scenes how Margie and Daddy were having this feud and how they each had a lawyer to tell them their legal rights and how Daddy stopped Margie's allowance on advice of counsel and how Margie sent Daddy a bill for her housework on advice of counsel (everything was on advice of counsel, see?) and then Margie rented a room to a seal-trainer and then . . . Well, I *did* find out that it's from Margie that the Heath children got that revolting habit of saying "buddabudda-budda," when they're caught in *flagrante delicto,* so it was with . . . equanimity, say, that I settled down to *A Day in Court* at two o'clock.

This was one of those documentary-type things, introduced by the young man who hissily confides to two million people the fact that "this is an actual re-enactment" of something or other, which I never doubt for a moment, myself, perhaps because I have so little experience with unactual re-enactments. Today's was pretty heart-rending because there was this old Chinese-American called Mr. Chen who had stored some priceless treasures of the Orient in the warehouse of an old Chinese-American called Mr. Kung and there was this fire in Mr. Kung's warehouse and Mr. Chen's priceless treasures of the Orient burned up, so Mr. Chen was suing Mr. Kung and I would have too. For quite a long time lawyers presented things in evidence and witnesses testified and finally the judge concluded that Mr. Kung was in no way responsible and Mr. Chen had to pay all the costs of the trial and then it was time for *Music Bingo.*

I was still pretty mad (2:30-3:00 P.M.) about poor old Mr. Chen, which may be why I found this program even less interesting than it sounds, but it is my duty to tell you that it consists of a contest between two people who, when the music that is playing stops playing, race across the stage to press a button (bzzzzz-flash-flash). The winner of the race is given first chance to identify the melody (the melody that stopped *playing,* for Heaven's sake!) and if he does, he can put his mark *anywhere he likes* on the Bingo card.

I'm every bit as tired of this as you are, but you'll have to stop reading or learn that *Music Bingo* is followed by *Beat the Clock,* and I may as well admit that I missed part of this because it was time to pick up the children at school and with me my family comes first, that's just the way I *am,* I guess. When I got back, a young man was trying to shake six marshmallow-like objects (marshmallows?) off the grass skirt he was wearing, which he did. Then he had to match six signs that said *Merci, Gracias, Thank you,* etc., with six other signs that said *Spanish, English, French,* etc., which he did.

I had visualized *Connecticut Bandstand* as an old-fashioned, summer-Sunday, Funiculi Funicula sort of concert. I was deceived. This program shows a shabby little ballroom in which a dapper young man plays records to eighteen or twenty scruffy adolescents who spaghetti back and forth across the screen with great speed, their repellent young faces registering anything from mild malaise to bearable pain. Twenty underslung jaws undulated *à tempo.* "They must pass out gum at the door," I snarled aloud. "That's to make them look like teen-agers," my sage little John explained, correctly I fear.

*Edge of Darkness,* at four, was practically a relief. Mildred thinks that heel-clicker who says he's president of a foundation is in love with her, but he as good as *told* his secretary that he was just after her $60,000. Then Zoltan turned up with all those letters she wrote him when she was a girl and since even I realized, a good two commercials before she did, that he was plotting blackmail, she really should put the whole situation in her brothers' hands but I don't think she will. At 4:30, deadened to further pain, I became aware that I was in the clutches of *American Bandstand* (different adjective). The children wandered off and I sat alone in the deepening dusk, in catatonic rapport with my splendid 24-inch, 1959-model television set, which showed me, with life-like clarity, every epidermal imperfection of the Mello-kings, as they caterwauled: "EE! AA! SIS-BOOM-BAH! It's the legend of Sle-e-py Hollow. EE! AA! . . ."

I can hardly wait to get a color television set.

---

*Time & Tide*

***From a recent British Admiralty instruction:***

***"It is necessary for technical reasons that these warheads should be stored with the top at the bottom and the bottom at the top. In order that there may be no doubt which is the bottom for storage purposes, it will be seen that the bottom of each head has been labelled with the word 'Top.'"***

# From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

## *Foreign Students*

According to a quondam professorial colleague of mine, a nation's intellectual superiority is made manifest by the flocking to its universities and colleges of many foreign students. Therefore, said he, the United States, in this century, is the intellectual hub of the universe.

Now if students from abroad really are attracted by the quality of a country's education, then indeed this is some index of that nation's culture. But suppose that for most of those students the host-country pays transportation, tuition, and living-expenses—why, then presumably most of them have come for the free lunch. Just this latter cause, I fear, is the reason for the crowds of foreign students in the United States. The federal government and charitable foundations annually award thousands of scholarships and exchange-grants for study in America; and this program is supposed to create good will toward the United States and to help backward peoples. I venture to doubt whether the program actually accomplishes much of this sort.

At the high-school level, it is true, this program may help *American* education: for most of the exchange-students from Europe and Japan are so much more accomplished in intellectual disciplines that they outshine the native American boys and girls whose classes they attend; and so some thoughtful parents, and even some school administrators, may come to reflect that we Americans, intellectually, really are the underdeveloped people. For the foreign high-school students themselves, their American year often is a waste of time.

At the college and university level, too often we work positive harm to the foreign students and to our own national interest. Most of the college students from abroad are Africans, Asiatics, and South Americans. Few of these have sufficient command of the English language to profit fully from advanced studies here; and a great many of them are lacking in sufficient preparation of any sort. They tend to become bewildered and resentful, and not a few return home enemies of the United States—or else set up as philosopher-kings on the strength of a third-rate "courtesy" degree or certificate from a third-rate American college. I suggest, for instance, that Nkrumah, the great democratic leader of the glorious democracy of Ghana, was not made a friend of America or of Western civilization by his American degree.

Recently an American professor who had spent two years in Liberia, in connection with UNESCO, told me he had concluded that *no* Liberian students ought to be sent to the United States. Although the Liberians know English, otherwise they are not prepared even for the simplicities of the Freshman year at most American colleges; they do badly here, pick up a few facile generalizations, and return to Monrovia to strut and fret their pseudo-degrees before their untraveled countrymen; and they do mischief. "Drink deep," Pope tells us, "or taste not the Pierian spring." (No, Overseas Guest, I'm not referring to the Pope of Rome.)

So to anecdotage. Upon a certain vast and naive campus in Michigan, a few years gone, there appeared a somewhat pushing young African—from Nigeria or the Gold Coast, I believe. He informed the college authorities that he had "been to Oxford." Later it was discovered that, in truth, he "saw the spires of Oxford as he was passing by," from British Railways, in the course of a hasty tour of England. But the registrar and the dean made him welcome, and he enrolled as a graduate student in history.

Though his command of English was imperfect, he did well enough in his examinations: for he had the memory of a primitive, and could fix in his mind whole printed pages of textbooks, even though he had only a faint understanding of the meaning; and these he reproduced verbatim in hi written tests. As for oral interrogation—why, whenever the professor inquired, "What do you say to this point, Mr. Kwashi?," our hero contented himself with a sneer and a gesture of derision, as if the question were beneath his contempt.

In time, it became necessary for Kwashi to write a thesis. He chose for his theme "The History of Persecution in England, from the Earliest Times to the Present." Proceeding to the college library, he copied the first third of the Encyclopedia Britannica article on persecution, and submitted this as his thesis. The professor who advised him suggested that really a master's thesis ought to be more than nine or ten pages long. Though vexed by this pedantry, Kwashi returned to the library and copied out the rest of the Britannica article, got it typed on small sheets of paper, quadruple spaced, and triumphantly presented it to his thesis-committee.

One reactionary member of the committee demurred mildly: there ought to be *some* element of original endeavor in a thesis, he suggested. (All that Kwashi added to the wisdom of the Britannica was his conclusion: "All these people were perse uted equally, but in different ways.")

Yet the dean very properly rebuked the obscurant professor of history. Why, to refuse this Overseas Student a master's degree, said he, would be a gratuitous insult to Africa. It might involve the United States in untold difficulties. After all, you know, Professor, we Americans hate colonialism, don't we? So Kwashi became a master of arts in history.

He expressed no gratitude; he knew he was entitled to this, and more. Upon pocketing his diploma, Kwashi said confidently to dean and faculty, "Now be Ph.D."

"Nay, not so," said they, having had enough of the White Man's Burden. "You've got your master's diploma: now go away, please."

But Kwashi did not go away; he merely shifted to a different department; and, when last I heard of him, he was working toward a doctoral degree in chemistry. Enough said?

# Reconstruction: Unhealed Wound

RICHARD M. WEAVER

Reconstruction was a far greater failure than the Civil War itself. In suggesting that the Civil War was a failure I mean that, if one concedes that it had to come out as it did, there was no sense in its lasting so long. Considering the great disparity of resources between North and South, one may well ask why it was not ended like, say, Prussia's war against France—two or three well-executed decisive battles, and the military phase was essentially over. Instead, it turned into a struggle of some twenty major battles and a final war of attrition in the Eastern theater. The Lincoln Administration, though determined on its course, was ignorant of war.

But if the government during this period made, in this sense, a failure, the congressional leadership which assumed power in the ensuing period (and which fought and vilified Andrew Johnson at every step) made a fiasco. Lincoln had discussed the issue of union and secession in terms that were almost metaphysical. If the Union was indivisible, it followed that the states were never out of the Union, even during the war; there was then, in essence, no problem of "readmitting" them, even though certain practical circumstances had to be taken into account. However abstruse such reasoning may seem, it did provide a basis, in terms that were comprehensible, for continuing the Union.

The force of this logic was lost upon the leaders of Congress who took over after Lincoln's assassination. They saw in their section's victory an unparalled opportunity for vengeance, economic exploitation, political domination, and the other attendant benefits of conquest. There was much malice, but what strikes one as appalling about this policy is its shortsightedness. One cannot imagine Churchill, even at the time when bombs were raining destruction upon Britain, losing sight of the fact that Britain might one day need the German people. But the plotters of Reconstruction seem not to have realized that if the Southern people were to be forcibly kept in the Union, the rest of the Americans would have to live with them on some terms and might even one day need them. That shortsightedness left the bitter legacies that continue to poison our cup down to today.

In *The Angry Scar* (Doubleday, $5.95) Hodding Carter, well-known Southern Liberal, surveys the epoch in which these issues were fought out. The work is not presented as original history. It rests upon scholarly research, now quite extensive, which has been done in the field by others. It is, in his own words, an "interpretive synthesis," which tries to place Reconstruction in the mainstream of American history.

With much of Mr. Carter's retelling of the story I have little fault to find. He relates the Carpetbagger invasion, the story of the kangaroo governments which were set up in the Southern states, the fury of the Radicals in Congress, and the bleeding of a section already left bankrupt by the war. The oppressions, knaveries, thefts and debaucheries of Reconstruction were so numerous and so awful that even the unimpassioned historian must present a vivid set of facts.

But I question whether he is fair to those who recaptured home rule for the South. In his account of the internal politics of the Southern states during this period the terms "Redemptionists," "Conservatives," and "Bourbons" continually recur, with the last named getting the highest degree of his disapproval. One derives an impression from much of this account that there was a fair maiden called Progress, who was always about to be, but never quite was, rescued from some dragons bearing these names.

A special consideration that Mr. Carter seems to scant is this: people do not behave, nor are they expected to behave, under a state of duress as they do in a free and unforced condition. In times of war, even deception is recognized as a legitimate weapon, and Reconstruction was hardly different from a prolongation of the war. The Ku Klux Klan was a "lawless" organization, but it was the Confederate Underground; the "deal" which made Rutherford B. Hayes President was indeed a deal, but it was made to end a regime of force; the Southern "Bourbons" did indeed make arrangements with the victorious economic forces of the North, but as one of the Southern Agrarian writers has admitted, this was a left-handed way of winning a minor victory in a situation of otherwise unrelieved defeat. These may all have been regrettable episodes, but they were factors in the story.

This brings me to my chief point of criticism. A real sense of the tragedy of these events is just what I miss in Mr. Carter's book. In spite of considerable documentation evidently intended to convey it, nowhere does he give me a feeling of the stark entanglement of good and evil that characterized this sad chapter of our history. I derive more feeling of the essential tragedy of Reconstruction from one page of Lloyd Paul Stryker's great biography of Andrew Johnson than I do from the whole of *The Angry Scar*. Mr. Stryker was born in Illinois and was a Republican; Mr. Carter was born in Louisiana and is a Liberal—which prompts immediately the question of what a Liberal has to offer when he takes in hand a subject like this. And the answer begins to look like a minus quantity.

The problem has to do with point

of view. It has been suggested from more than one quarter that a Liberal is unfitted by his presuppositions to understand the tragic aspects of existence and indeed really to deal with the problem of evil. *The Angry Scar* appears to me something of a confirmation of that hypothesis. Liberalism is a kind of abstractive process which takes out whatever is unmalleable and fashions the remainder into a dream world of wishful thinking. Politically this has long been evident, and now that the Liberals have captured so many of the channels of communication and publication, it is being proved in other ways.

To cite one particular example: on page 154 the author says: "Other Southerners, aware that their region had loitered well behind the rest of the nation before the war in economic and democratic aspirations and attainments, might have welcomed, save for the mass enfranchisement provisions, the progressive provisions of the new constitution."

Who were these other Southerners? According to my reading in the field, they hardly existed. Their existence would, moreover, have been incompatible with the image which the South had of itself and of the proper way of life. That was one of the potent facts in this battle of forces. But a Liberal has somehow to extrapolate them out of little or nothing. That is why I say that Mr. Carter's book, though a well-written narrative in the sense of being neatly formulated and agreeably phrased, has a systematic bias or a suppressed premise that tends to obscure the depths of the conflict.

The book does serve to remind us of a chapter of our past which should never be forgotten. But it does not remind us sharply enough—though it does faintly suggest this on the last page or so—that tragedy can always be re-enacted.

# New Deal Historian

## DONALD R. RICHBERG

*The Coming of the New Deal,* by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. (Houghton Mifflin, $6.75) naturally begins, continues and ends as a biographical study of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The personal nature of this narrative (which is the second volume of Schlesinger's *The Age of Roosevelt*) also extends to all the minor characters in the opening two years of the New Deal. Here is written the comprehensive product of an amazingly detailed reading of books, articles and newspaper accounts about the New Dealers.

Admiration for the patient energy and research of Schlesinger the historian is mingled with appreciation of the care with which he endeavored to be fair in his reporting despite the obvious bias of Schlesinger the idealist for idealistic—even though socialistic—persons and projects. Indeed it appears that Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. agrees with a common assumption that all political progressives of the twentieth century must be socializers.

The major criticism which this reviewer would make of Schlesinger's reporting is that his bias inclines him to regard all conservative opposition to proposed reforms as stupid obstruction and all Liberal support as "brilliant" progressivism. This tends to represent the businessman's dislike of President Roosevelt and his New Dealers as wholly unwarranted and the New Dealer's antagonism to business ideas as always sound. In historical perspective it may seem fairer to characterize businessmen in general (with notable exceptions) as unduly slow to accept the need for higher ethics, and New Dealers in general (with notable exceptions) as unduly confident of the value of all their reforms.

This criticism is made at the outset of this review to avoid any subsequent impression that the reviewer is too deeply impressed by the remarkable digestion of detailed sources of information exhibited by this historian. This is evidenced by the wealth of quotations throughout the book and the admirable Notes and Index which follow the text for eighty pages.

There may be a serious question as to whether the most valuable history is written on the major basis of reporting in great detail the gossip, prejudices and self-serving accounts of historic events found in the contemporaneous books, articles, interviews and newspaper stories of the principal performers in these affairs. This procedure undoubtedly makes for a spicy narrative which may hold the attention of casual as well as informed readers. There is also an appearance of remorseless verity in thus exposing the pettiness of many attitudes and actions of supposedly broad-minded persons.

Nevertheless the question remains as to whether it is the function of the historian to be a meticulous reporter of all the trivia accompanying great happenings, or whether it should be to analyze all available information in order to present his best objective judgment of what and why and how events occurred. *The Coming of the New Deal* affords several demonstrations of the difficulty of sustaining an historian's judgment when he expresses it on top of a wealth of confusing trivia.

**Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.**
***". . . judgments . . . based more on his a priori feelings and prejudices than on any objective conclusions from his exhaustive reading."***

For example, after a mass—or a mess—of opinions and evidences of Franklin Roosevelt's haphazard and conflicting ways of administering high responsibilities, the analytical Schlesinger comes up with the surprising judgment that Roosevelt was a great administrator. The analyst makes a virtue out of the multiplicity of vices that the reporter has exposed and thus puts in question all his other

judgments. They seem to be based more on his *a priori* feelings and prejudices than on any objective conclusions from his exhaustive reading.

This makes the reader of his book particularly careful not to accept his recurrent enthusiasms for the varied works of the New Deal, many of which were good, but many of which also proved to be incapable of remedying the principal evil attacked; as, for example, unemployment which never yielded to anything except the imperatives of war.

For this reason the historian's frequent use or quotation of the slurring adjective in reference to opponents of his favorite New Dealers and the eulogistic phrase commonly used to characterize these New Dealers, will arouse a counterprejudice in many a reader which may undermine his acceptance of the author's reliability. In the end this would be unfortunate because on the whole this book is a very valuable contribution to historical understanding of why and how the New Deal developed.

# Ninety North—Ninety South

ROBERT PHELPS

For four hundred years after Columbus, young men went West. More recently, they have turned North and South. But it now looks as though only Up and Down are left to the really enterprising, for in 1958 both the poles of our planet were transversed by heretofore unventured means: in January, a Commonwealth party using only tractors and dog teams crossed the entire Antarctic continent via the South Pole, and six months later, in August, the American atomic-powered submarine *Nautilus* passed under the ice cap at the North Pole. The leaders of both expeditions have since made their reports to the general public, and if you read them as I did, on successive evenings tucked in bed, you may feel a little decrepit, but you will not be bored.

The first of these books, *Nautilus 90 North* (World, $3.95) represents the lesser achievement. In the first place, though signed by Commander William R. Anderson, the text bears too many signs of its collaborator, Clay Blair Jr. A "ghost" is perfectly admissible, but it seems a pity that a story which is so full of intrinsic interest should have been inflated with such stale hot air as this:

> I reflected on the chain of events that had brought *Nautilus* and me to the threshold of our great adventure . . . our first, hair-raising probe of the Arctic ice pack the year before. The fantastic cloak-and-dagger prelude to Operation Sunshine itself. The dramatic and vexing events on board *Nautilus* which, it seemed to me, were clear signals from a higher Person that we should stop tempting fate . . .

But the events themselves survive the telling. When the *Nautilus* left Hawaii in late July 1958, its famous numerals 571 were painted out, so that no passing ship could identify its presence and guess from its direction its destination. For this was its third attempt to get under the polar ice pack, and what with the world's eye on Sputnik, and the strategic importance of the whole Arctic Sea, it was undesirable to make any conspicuous failure. Commander Anderson's responsibility was thus very great. Passing through the Bering Strait, he promptly encountered shallow waters heavily clogged with ice from the summer thaw. Both surface and undersea navigation were extremely dangerous until he intercepted a deep valley on the ocean floor running due north. He then proceeded 1,000 miles in a straight line until the exalting moment a little before midnight (EST) on August 3 when the compass confirmed that for the first time in history a ship had reached the exact top of the world, and connected the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean by a new kind of Northwest Passage. It was an epoch-making trip, of course, though the technical prowess of the *Nautilus* itself somewhat overwhelms the men involved.

As jointly logged (and without any press agentry this time) by Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary in *The Crossing of Antarctica* (Little, Brown, $7.50), their expedition was a very different affair. For one thing, it was a private enterprise, not a government one, and for another its operation required sustained human endurance for more than two years, rather than three weeks.

A pair of terminal bases was set up on opposite sides of the Antarctic continent, with sub-supply bases moving inland toward the Pole. The overland distance between the two bases was 2,100 miles; the terrain comprised mountains, crevasses, glaciers; the temperature went down to 60 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Setting out from Shackleton Base in the Western Hemisphere on November 24, Fuchs' party reached the Pole on January 19. There they were met by Hillary's party which had left supply depots along the remaining 1,200 miles "north" to the Scott Base in the Eastern Hemisphere. The whole trip took 99 days, and among other things, secured some of the most awesome and not unbeautiful images of terrestrial wasteland ever photographed.

Of course the official excuse for both these trips was knowledge, and the Antarctic crew especially engaged in elaborate geological research en route. But it is impossible, reading either of these accounts, to believe that the men themselves were motivated by anything so explicit, or practical. Each of them, in some degree, must have been responding to that particular hunger which originates in the imagination and which is never assuaged by anything so concrete as money, or power, or even fame; that hunger which is chiefly characterized by its gratuitousness, and which racks not only saints and poets, but the sort of men whom—thanks to present evidence—we can still call heroes.

Any book reviewed in this Book Section (or any other current book) supplied by return mail. You pay only the bookstore price. We pay the postage anywhere in the world. Catalogue on request.

THE BOOKMAILER

Box 101, New York 16, N.Y.

The Complete Bookstore-by-Mail Service representing all U.S. publishers

# "The Heart and Stomach of a King"

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

FROM THE DAY of her accession right down to 1959 the English have held the first Queen Elizabeth in peculiar affection. The coming of a second Elizabethan age—though the analogy is perhaps rather journalistic than true—stimulated a whole new surge of interest.

In *Elizabeth the Great* (Coward-McCann, $5.00), Miss Elizabeth Jenkins has assembled all the detailed information such interest could demand. This isn't a history of Queen Elizabeth's reign in any ordinary sense. It is a meticulously collected and documented account of Elizabeth herself, what she looked like, the cosmetics she used, how she spoke and wrote and thought, her habits, her hopes and her fears. The story of her life is built up like a chain of tiny beads and Miss Jenkins' agreeable self-effacing style conceals the immensely careful scholarship which must have gone into it.

The big historical events are merely stated, and only discussed as they bear on the person of the Queen. The Armada itself, for instance, occupies a bare half-dozen pages and that momentous event, the voyage of the *Golden Hind*, is found most interesting for its epilogue when Drake commissioned a firm of London jewellers to fashion a crown out of a quantity of diamonds and five enormous emeralds. The Queen, who loved being given presents, wore this one on New Year's Day, 1581.

By the same token, such intriguing historical *cruces* as the Robsart affair, about which many fat books have been written, are here skated over very lightly. Other, more personal, questions, such as whether Elizabeth was bald by the time she was thirty (she wasn't) are dealt with very thoroughly. Of course, many matters were at once personally and historically significant. Miss Jenkins gives us some insight into what the execution of her mother must really have meant to Elizabeth and what the fear of the axe meant to everyone in political life. She shows us the new Queen riding through a mist of bells, the bells of London which she loved to hear: and this scene suggests the importance of the "recognition-procession" in an age when no one who hadn't seen the Queen with his own eyes could have any idea what she looked like.

The inevitable result is that Elizabeth emerges as a much more human and likeable person than the ordinary history books make her. She was strong, but hers was a strength born of long endurance and constant fear. For all her masculine determination, she had a streak of very feminine vanity which it was dangerous to prick. She was readily touched by any act of kindness toward her. As for marriage, so eagerly and vainly awaited by all Europe, she had a horror of giving herself and yet an intense pleasure in being desired and known to be desired.

**Queen Elizabeth I**

***"Her truest love-affair was with her people."***

Occasionally, as in her ecstatic admiration for Elizabeth's beautiful handwriting, Miss Jenkins allows a trace of individual and rather feminine style to creep in but by and large things are seen through a very clear glass. There are no visible distortions: there is nothing to distract. Indeed, for sheer readability, I should have preferred a slightly larger infusion of the author's own personality.

But it would be ungrateful to complain. Miss Jenkins has done a considerable service to all of us who believe in the cult of personality. The plain lesson of her book is that the course of history is usually determined not by trends or forces but by individual people, by great hearts and strong minds.

QUEEN ELIZABETH I had, beyond all question, a great heart and a strong mind. Recent reassessments of her achievement have been able to see it without the anti-Papist prejudices which exploited it for so long and equally without the exaggerated corrections which Belloc made. Indeed her success lay very largely in this: that she lowered the temperature of religious strife. Catholics were certainly persecuted during her reign but the persecution would have been far worse without her. She set her face firmly against the extremists. She preferred to unite rather than divide.

When Elizabeth came to Tilbury on the eve of the Armada, mounted on a white horse, armored but bareheaded, she made her most famous utterance: "I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England too." It was the plain truth and her people knew it. From the first they had recognized in her the regal qualities of her father, Henry VIII, and though she had faults of her own, they were not frivolous or self-indulgent or extravagant ones like his.

Her truest love-affair was with her people. "I am already bound unto a husband," she said, holding up her coronation ring, "which is the Kingdom of England." Here at least her love was reciprocated honestly and to the full. When she died, Camden wrote of her, enshrining the opinion of her contemporaries and of most Englishmen since:

"She was a Queen who hath so long and with so great wisdom governed her kingdoms, as (to use the words of her Successor who in sincerity confessed as much) the like hath not been read or heard of, either in our own time or since the days of the Roman Emperor Augustus."

*Theater*

# "J. B.": Under What Sign?

JOHN McLAUGHLIN, S. J.

LONG BEFORE it reached Broadway, Archibald MacLeish's *J. B.* was headed for success in "advanced" circles. John Ciardi of the *Saturday Review* announced it as "The Birth of a Classic: great poetry, great drama and . . . great stagecraft." Reviewing the pre-Broadway performance of the play by the Yale School of Drama, Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* hushed, "loving and perceptive." Later he bugled: "In form as well as content, Archibald MacLeish's *J. B.* ranks with the finest work in American drama. . . . In content it is truth on a scale far above the usual dimension of our stage."

Echoes of this, all in the upper registers, are being repeated now that the play has moved to Broadway. What may remain its crowning distinction, however, was accorded it last fall when the Yale delegation offered it to the world at the Brussels Fair as the representative export of the American university theater. This production allowed the world to see evidenced in fact what it had suspected in impression, that this great nation of ours is Christian more by social convenience than by religious commitment.

Mr. MacLeish's *J. B.*, I am saying considered in its totality, is subversive of Christian principle and worthy of bold-face type in our era's sterile lexicon of secularism. This is not to deny that there are parts of the play and aspects of it which in themselves are agreeable *tours de force* and which no Christian could fail to admire. But when dealing with a drama of this kind, one must base his final judgment on the statement or message which it embodies. In *J. B.* the message is, regrettably but unmistakably, anti-supernatural.

The opening scene of *J. B.* reveals an immense circus tent which, as in Mr. MacLeish's earlier sonnet, "The End of the World," is meant to symbolize The Cosmos. The time is night: enter two raffish circus vendors, Mr. Zuss and Nickles (names derived from the Zeus of mythology and "Auld Nick," the seventeenth-century colloquialism for the Devil).

Though the big top is deserted, their native theatrical blood, long congealed by age and evil times, quickens instinctively to the presence of a stage and they venture to re-enact the opening scene of Job. On a raised platform ("heaven") they don masks of God and Satan and the familiar broad resonances issue from the Godmask, "Whence comest thou? . . ." Looking down upon the lower level ("earth") they see J. B., millionaire banker and industrialist, his wife Sarah, and their five children, David, Mary, Jonathan, Ruth and Rebecca, at the dinner table, celebrating Thanksgiving. With etched alert strokes the characterization of J. B. and Sarah is shaped in a sensitive discussion on the nature of gratitude.

Then the horrors strike: the lives of all the children are cut off: David by a freak mischance after the Armistice, Mary and Jonathan in an auto collision, Ruth by a sex lunatic, Rebecca when a bomb levels her father's bank. Stripped of his children, his reputation, his wealth, his home; blistering under the agony of not knowing why; clad in rags and pustulating with sores; abandoned by his wife who, having herself cursed God, could no longer bear her husband's insistence that "we have no choice but to be guilty: God is unthinkable if we are innocent," J. B. hungers for death. Nickles, confident that God will be outwitted, awaits his suicide.

Enter three "comforters": Zophar, a dithering seedy priest; Eliphaz, a frustrated doctor; and Bildad, a ranting Marxist. Squatting around their victim, they discuss the nature of guilt:

> *Bildad*:
> Guilt is a cosmological accident:
> Wrong class—wrong century
> *Eliphaz*:
> Come! Come! Come! Guilt is a Psychophenomenal situation
> An illusion, a disease, a sickness . . .
> *Zophar*:
> Guilt is illusion? Guilt is a reality
> The one reality there is!
> All mankind are guilty always!

J. B. rejects their explanations, pleads again to God for a knowledge of the wickedness he has done which would justify his suffering. There comes a rushing of air overhead: the peal of "A Distant Voice," using quotations from the Book of Job, swells onto the stage.

> Who is this that darkeneth counsel
> By words without knowledge? Where wast thou
> When I laid the foundations of the earth? . . .

J. B. acknowledges his total dependence upon the Voice, bows his head, repents. On the upper platform Nickles, to the contrary, jeers at the message:

> All he [J. B.] asks is reasons why—
> Why? Why? And God replies to him:
> God comes whirling in the wind replying—
> What? That God knows more than he does.
> That God's more powerful than he!
> Throwing the whole creation at him!
> Throwing the Glory and the Power!

And after disclosing to J. B. his reinstatement by God, confirmed by the miracle of his restored skin, Nickles retires from the action. The resolution of the problem, as Mr. MacLeish understands it, is reserved for the last scene, in which Sarah returns to her husband. But before discussing that resolution, a few more comments on the play are in order.

The reader will be quick to recognize the play's technical values, most notable of which, perhaps, is the manipulation of the Greek chorus, Zuss and Nickles, at once easy commentators and necessary figures; integral to the action as God and the Adversary on the upper stage, yet moving in and out of the action below with a negligent grace; promoting the engagement, yet detached from it; stylized but never stiff or intrusive With them, the playwright has advanced the drama's theme—the mystery of retribution—held it, sharpened it, rendered it vertical or linear, controlled its multiple aspects by the tension existing between the divergent attitudes of these two interpretative agents—yet, because the commentary is inside the action, not once disturbed his illusion.

He has, with masterful expertise, engaged our sensibilities and hung them, as it were, between God and Satan so that the balance of our vicarious decision is poised in equilibrium between the two clashing forces, despite our distant conviction, suspended at the marginal reaches of the mind and awaiting fulfilment, that Nickles is wrong and must be repulsed. How forcibly this expectation is crushed and, as a consequence, how radically it affects our final moral estimate of the play, we shall examine.

SINCE the play takes its origin from and is developed by Zuss and Nickles, it must find its resolution through them as well; the inner dictates of structure necessitate it. If this were a Christian play, Nickles would be silenced or, failing that, subdued; and Zuss would be granted a more convincing verbal vitality and dialectic cogency than his relatively emasculated expression has hitherto voiced. But Nickles is, quite demonstrably, not silenced and Zuss, far from being any longer on the side of the angels, smoulders with a quiet indignation. He, too, had looked to God for depth, not dimension; sympathy, at least, in response to J. B.'s outcry, hardly size. He does not wholly tergiversate, but his closing dialogue suggests that his religious outlook is at best fatalistic.

Nickles, however, as the real hero of the drama, is the one to whom we must look for the playwright's message. After the Lord has spoken, he cries: God has overwhelmed defenseless J. B.! Bullied him into a stammering submission! Later, more subtly, in answer to Zuss' question, "Who plays the hero, God or him? Is God to be forgiven?" Nickles, with a ponderous detachment quite foreign to him, replies, "Isn't he? Job was innocent, you may remember." Enforced by the final scene, this line surfaces as the definitive statement of the MacLeish fable, the line which earns for Nickles a triumph which, by the logic of the play, is immeasurably more valuable than what would have been his had J. B. committed suicide.

Having dispensed with God, Mr. MacLeish must erect some substitute, some allegiance, some faith for his convert J. B. to profess. The final scene, therefore, discloses Sarah advancing toward her husband, bearing the icon of their revived hope, the sacrament of their fulfilment—a sprig of forsythia, "cradling it in her arms" as the rubrics direct. She announces the Dogma of the new religion: "You wanted justice, didn't you. There isn't any. There's the world." J. B. formulates the Mystery: "God does not love. He Is." The priestess, still cradling her icon, intones the Credo: "Blow on the coal of the heart. The candles in the churches are out. The lights have gone out in the sky." There are two and only two alternatives left to man at this impasse, says Mr. MacLeish. Human Love or The Void. The liturgy continues until the light increases, "plain white daylight from the door. . ."

Is there a name or title by which we can properly designate this contribution to human worship, this key to the mystery of suffering? Secularism? humanism? deism? sentimentalism? positivism? naturalism? anti-supernaturalism? Or ought we rather look to the imaginative genius of Mr. MacLeish himself for an apt term? Thus far, and quite inexcusably, we have neglected the poetic gifts of the playwright: the color and vitality of the MacLeish idiom and phrase, strengthened now by a rapid elliptical fixity, now by a quiet suspended dignity; the refined efficient use of assonance and dissonance, of timing, repetition, image; the vigorous discipline imposed on the driving flux of fragmentary and half-conscious associations; the experimental meter that paces spoken English in a drifting offbeat, provided a supple and versatile poetic stage line.

But Mr. MacLeish's supreme imaginative triumph, the center to which the spokes of his technical resources converge, the virtuosity which signalizes the character of his genius is—alas—his symbolism. And of all its uses in *J. B.* there is no symbol which strikes at the essence with greater precision or more exact rectitude than that which enshrines the drama's governing conception: the sprig of forsythia, a showy reed. With what consummate aptness that sprig of forsythia symbolizes the frailty, inconsequence, caducity, irresolution and effeminacy of Mr. MacLeish's message.

And so, at last, we have the basis for a fitting term to describe the peculiar cast of the playwright's secularity: "Forsythianism." This is his solution to the mystery of retribution, a solution which Mr. Atkinson tells us "is truth on a scale far above the usual dimension of our stage." To Mr. Ciardi, it is "the framework of great concept" by which alone "the Job theme can rise to greatness." And Joseph Wood Krutch regards Forsythianism as "compatible" with the message of the biblical Book of Job.

More importantly, however, Forsythianism is the sign of hope that our youth were privileged to carry with them to Brussels as America's reassurance to the free world. The Christians have their Cross; the Jews, their Star of David; the Mohammedans, their Crescent; the Russians, their Hammer and Sickle; and we Americans—what do we have? our Sprig of Forsythia.

## *Recent Books on Communism*

A GUIDE TO ANTI-COMMUNIST ACTION, by Anthony T. Bouscaren (Regnery, $4.00). Answers an important need. An informed and straightforward handbook on Communism and what any intelligent citizen can contribute to the fight against it.

THE NAKED COMMUNIST, by W. Cleon Skousen (Ensign Pub. Co., $6.00). A useful elementary book on Communism.

WHAT WE MUST KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM, by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (Norton, $3.95). The Overstreets' best-sellers on psychological problems, shallow though they were, have probably harmed no one seriously. The shallowness of this book, however, with its half-digested parroting of the ignorances of fashionable Soviet "experts" and its one-world sentimentality out of Carl Sandburg and Norman Cousins, can be very harmful indeed.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN COMMUNIST, by John Gates (Nelson, $3.95). John Gates, former editor of the *Daily Worker*, is in so early a stage of his formal break with the Communist Party that it would not be charitable to conclude that it will never be a deep and genuine break. F.S.M.

# To the Editor

### *Miss Beavers Rides Again*

I must thank you for the attention and space that you so very graciously gave to my letter in defense of elevator girls, and I may add that I was also gratified by J. A. Read's letter in your correspondence columns (January 31 issue).

The other night I and my friend Eurydice Mapes (who insists on calling herself a lift girl because she is English, from Staffordshire) were engaged in conversation regarding the interesting case of the famous capitalist troika driver, Cyrus Eaton, and Eury—as she is known to her friends—suggested that every time Mr. Eaton makes a public statement on U.S.-Soviet relations he should end it with the ringing declaration: "If this be REASON, make the most of it."

Later in the evening the talk turned to our self-styled "liberals" and the subject of freedom, and I reminded Eury of a line that Dr. Johnson wrote in his study of Milton. "It has been observed," remarked the great Doctor, "that those who most loudly clamour for liberty do not most liberally grant it."

"Coo!" said Eury, "that *does* hit the 'liberal' nail on the head!"

DOLORES MAGDA BEAVERS

*City of the Angels*

### *Narrow Escape*

I started to read your column entitled "The Week," page 476 [January 31], and when I came to line 10 of paragraph 2, I said to myself: "STOP."

Now I say to you: STOP IMMEDIATELY. Send me no more copies.

*South Haven, Mich.* ALBERT B. CHASE

### *Life: Stranger by Far*

In her review [January 31] of the movie, *Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, Priscilla Buckley finds that the "plot, motivation and thinking behind [it] . . . is . . . precious." Nevertheless, she says, Ingrid Bergman has the ability "to convince one . . . that the unbelievable is believable."

Wouldn't you say that the story is made somewhat less precious and more believable by the fact that it is *true*? Or at least, so says the book (*The Small Woman*, by Alan Burgess) from which the motion picture was adapted.

The movie is somewhat simplified and "cleaned up," but it follows the biography of Gladys Aylward with remarkable (for Hollywood) fidelity. It is humorous to note that the scenes which Miss Buckley thinks least likely are those which follow fact most closely. For example . . ., Miss Aylward did in fact manage "to abolish the age-old custom of foot-binding" (more precisely, she succeeded in enforcing the ruling of the Central Government), she did quell a prison riot, and she did lead a band of one hundred refugee children across the mountains to Sian (though part of the journey was by train).

Miss Buckley commends the performance of Robert Donat as the Mandarin, "bar one maudlin scene for which the writer must be held responsible." And that scene, too, is based on fact—the Mandarin did indeed announce his conversion to Christianity at a meeting of the town dignitaries, though I trust he was less maudlin about it than the movie represents. . . .

*Chicago, Ill.* GEORGE W. PRICE

### *Free of Benefits*

I was with a motor company in Chicago for ten years. When the semimonthly check came to me it had the following deductions: federal (20 per cent); social security (1½ per cent); blanketed group life insurance; pension plan; medical; surgery; thrift plan. My check was so small that I couldn't put in five to get five. These deductions gave the *executives* periodic checkups; some of my co-workers took leaves of absence at slightly reduced wages; many others made use of my contributions; but I plugged along each day just contributing!

I have changed employers and for the preceding three years have received a flat check (less federal and social security!) without "fringe detriments"—and I feel free. I occasionally take a couple of days off from the job—to keep free. This is health insurance benefiting employee and employer. As John Chamberlain says

JOB to be done?

LET DOOLITTLE DIG IN AND DO IT!

OFFSET LITHOGRAPHY Since 1920

Offset printing and planographing one or more colors—multilithing from metal or paper plates—typesetting—varityping—IBM composition—folding—punching—collating—assembling.

WE SPECIALIZE IN JOBS NEEDED "YESTERDAY"

SALES LETTERS
FOLDERS
CATALOGS
BOOKLETS
REPRINTS
BROADSIDES
SELF MAILERS
HOUSE ORGANS
CIRCULARS
BUSINESS FORMS

DOOLITTLE & Co., Inc.

For over 38 years a complete offset printing and direct mail advertising service for all advertisers. In your city, write or call:

New York— 6 W. 20th St. Chelsea 2-6092

Chicago— 320 N. Dearborn St. Superior 7-1722

TIME & TIDE

*waits on all men of goodwill*

It will keep you INFORMED of all the LEADING TRENDS in British thought, politics, literature and the arts.

To be INFORMED is to be forearmed in discussing the British scene.

The finest $9 cultural investment you ever made—52 weeks of serious enjoyment

TIME & TIDE

*Britain's leading Right Wing Review*

*Subscription Form*

TO: Time & Tide, 32 Bloomsbury Street, London, W. C. 1, England

Please enter my name for

..... 52 weeks at $9.00

..... 26 weeks at $4.50

I enclose remittance.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

["Company Fringe Benefits," January 17], this purloining of my own money took from me the control of my own life.

*Chicago, Ill.* A.M.H.

### *Pity the Oil Tycoon*

The editorial paragraph [on Venezuela] in the January 17 issue is not helpful to your case, irrespective of whether your animus is directed to the petroleum industry, socialism, South American dictatorship, foreign laws or what-not, because you are in error as to your basis. The whole negative and condemnatory thought is a *non sequitur* stemming from your dogmatic but unwarranted assumption that the oil companies have had a sound basis upon which to resist. Thus, witness your assertion that Venezuela is "unlawfully" increasing the Venezuelan take.

I've been associated with the petroleum industry for almost twenty-five years. While I was more active in the management of one corporation, I resisted other efforts therein to get us into foreign fields just because what was unlawful in the United States is not unlawful in many, probably most, other countries, especially those where the principles of Spanish law apply. (In much of the Middle East there is *no* law in our sense.) I felt that even though the opportunity to find oil and create values may have been attractive, the dangers to the protection of those values were too great. . . .

When speaking of governmental strictures or regulations, especially those of foreign jurisdictions, call them wrong, immoral, etc., but don't call them unlawful; and don't, on the basis they *are* unlawful, work yourself into a lather against those who have to cope with them and the bureaucrats who administer them. Pity is more in order.

*Chicago, Ill.* DEAN TERRILL

### *Project No. 2*

After reading about the "intellectual exercise" which Professor Goldman ["The Week," January 31] gave to his Princeton students ("redrafting" the U.S. Constitution), we shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that he is collaborating with Drs. Stace and Wilson in a "spiritual exercise" to "redraft" the Ten Commandments!

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

KENNETH D. ROBERTSON JR.
*Chestnut Hill, Mass.*

### *Dissent on Dr. King*

"The Two Faces of Dr. King" [January 31] is not the sort of article I like to see in NATIONAL REVIEW. It is a little too cute (really).

*Hackensack, N. J.* LEO ALVARES

### *Detranquilizer*

The appeal by Frank Chodorov for ISI, reprinted [advt.] in your issue of January 31, should certainly tend to lift real Americans from their lethargic and disgraceful desertion of the cause to preserve human dignity and liberty . . .

*Deadwood, S. D.* CHAS. R. HAYES

### *Banking on Experience?*

I did not realize that a bank with assets of over $4 billion could be so humble until I read of the First National City Bank's recent luncheon party for Anastas Mikoyan. Verily it must believe in turning the other cheek.

It is less than ten years since these same Communists—for all Communists are the same regardless of whether they look like Russians, Chinese, or even Americans—made the First National City Bank continue its branches in Tientsin and Shanghai, but permitted no business. They made it keep the staffs, and forced it to send money from New York to foot


## CLASSIFIED

NATIONAL REVIEW *accepts classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature.* NATIONAL REVIEW *reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words; 30¢ per word for 25 or more insertions per year. If a box number is desired, count two extra words. Text, accompanied by full payment in the form of cash, check or money order, must be received 17 days before publication date. All responses to box numbers will be forwarded and postage billed periodically. Mail to be called for at* NATIONAL REVIEW *will be held 60 days only. Address: Classified Dept.,* NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.*

SINGLE MALE, 27, literary, editorial, teaching background. Desires stimulating position. Box 31.

OWN A PLACE IN CHARLOTTE COUNTY, VIRGINIA. Lynchburg 50 miles. Richmond 100 miles.
- *SOLID BRICK MANSION of 6 bedrooms on 100 acres. $40,000 Terms.
- *STATELY BRICK HOME of 9 rooms on 425 acres. Built around 1807. Needs some restoration. $22,500 Terms.
- *535-acre Cattle and Tobacco Farm on Staunton River. D.Y. HENRY PLACE JOINS PATRICK HENRY RED HILL PLANTATION. Buildings poor. Land fertile. Peaceful folks. Price conservative $35,000. Taxes low.
- *Approx. 700 acres CUT OVER WOODLAND with long road frontage. Investment good for some building sites and timber growth. $40 per acre by survey.

Write to: IRVINE C. WATKINS, Realtor, 2311 W. Main, Richmond 20, Virginia.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED to help NATIONAL REVIEW'S swamped Circulation Department during next 4 weeks. Young or old, men or women—for filing, typing, etc. Phone Circulation Manager, William Hayes, at ORegon 9-7330.

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil, Co-manager, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300. Lexington and 41st St., New York City. Members New York Stock Exchange.

MAKE VACATION PLANS NOW! Worldwide service to suit individual requirements. Margaret Cone Travel Service, 520 5th Ave., N.Y. 36, OX 7-0796.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Exciting details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NL, Olympia, Washington.

FREE: Sample copy of America's new book review magazine. Current issue includes special FREEDOM LIBRARY supplement. Write: BOOKMAILER NEWS, Box 101, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y.

FORMER EDITOR/PUBLISHER OFFERS professional assistance—manuscript planning, development, editing, proofreading; book publication, sales, promotion, distribution. PUBLISHERS' AGENCY, 31-33 West 42nd St., New York 36.

WANTED—energetic young man interested in high-fidelity for position selling and installing custom home music systems. Perdue Radio Co., 8 & 10 South Park St., Montclair, New Jersey, Pilgrim 4-4343.

NATIONAL REVIEW readers will enjoy *The Wanderer*, conservative Catholic weekly that fights Liberalism in and out of the Church. Only $4 a year. Write 128 East 10th St., St. Paul 1, Minn.

FREEDOM SCHOOL now accepting applications for enrollment in 1959 summer courses. Instructors include: Leonard Read, James M. Rogers, Frank Chodorov (advanced course in history), James L. Doenges, Harry H. Hoiles, F. A. Harper, V. Orval Watts (advanced course in economics) and Rose Wilder Lane. Write Box 165, Colorado Springs, Colo., for free descriptive folder.

GF

**GENERAL FOODS DECLARES ITS 149th COMMON DIVIDEND**

A dividend of 60 cents a share on the common stock will be paid on March 5, 1959 to stockholders of record at the close of business, February 16, 1959.

Leonard F. Genz, *Secretary*

**GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION**
250 North Street, White Plains, N.Y.

•

*GF's family of quality products includes new Tang instant breakfast drink.*

the bill. After December 17, 1950, the bank had to and did get permission of the U.S. Treasury to remit such monies because it had left its American employees there as hostages, contrary to my advice to get out. Finally the Treasury clamped down—no more cash for the Chinese Reds. Then the bank begged for one last lump sum permit for ransom money to get the employees out.

May I ask: Is it possible the First National City Bank still wants more business with the Reds?

*New York City* ALFRED KOHLBERG

### *How the State Stays Healthy*

I would like to say a word of praise for Frank S. Meyer's inquiry into our switch-hitting national government [January 17].

Perhaps you have heard of the insidious development of rationalization among golfers. One such respectable businessman was infected with golf. The more he played, the more he liked it. The more he liked it, the more he played. His attention to affairs decent and proper for a man of family and responsibility deteriorated steadily. Finally, one of his good friends said: "Is it not possible that you are overemphasizing the recreational aspects of life?" Here is the golfer's defense.

"Now you know," said he, "I have a wife and three children. I am determined to provide for them. I have very little worldly wealth, and I am deeply in debt, so that should anything happen to me they would suffer. Therefore I must keep my health. And surely you know that golf is healthy. Therefore," he finished triumphantly, "I play golf so that I can support my family!"

The primary business of the federal government is defense against external enemies, preservation of internal order, and protection of the individual citizen in his life, liberty and property, and the administration of justice. To list what that federal government is doing now would require more pages than an unabridged dictionary. We are being noodled to death by idiots, while the proper functions of government go begging. We are, therefore, being told in effect: "You don't understand. Do you want people to go without food, or clothes, or freedom? Are you suggesting that it would be right for little children not to go to school, and for big children not to have unemployment relief? Are you suggesting that old folks should not be cared for? How can you talk this way? Don't you see that if it were not for the federal government people would starve, go naked, have no schooling, and old folks would be dying, piled up like cordwood all over the place?"

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.
*St. Petersburg, Fla.*

### *Gerard Manley Hopkins, II*

According to Peter Crumpet ["To the Editor, February 14], Hopkins is, with his sprung rhythm, "taking advantage of natural speech flow, freeing the poet of stilted inversions and 'poeticisms.'" This, I suppose, explains the uninverted and inevitable phrases of which Hopkins' poems are entirely composed — "Before - time - taken," "day-labouring-out," "skies between-pie mountains." His lack of poeticisms explains the fact that "sweet" and "dear" are his most frequently used adjectives, and that scarcely a poem gets by with only one "O" or "ah."

Hopkins' informed admirers—like the one whose book I was reviewing when I offended Mr. Crumpet—know that musical theory and experimentation dictated these filigrees of sound. They also know that Hopkins lavished more attention on these matters than on the actual composition of poetry. It is true that Hopkins claimed a colloquial flow for his poetry—then he marked the "natural" accents so we would not miss them:

> Their ránsom, théir rescue, ánd first, fást, last friénd.

That line lays bare the technical ingenuity which made each poem a laboratory of sound. Even Mr. Crumpet goes on, after mentioning "natural speech flow," to describe Hopkins' "tortured wrenches" and an obscure act which "squeezed the last dead flesh from language."

Mr. Crumpet discusses only the technical aspects of Hopkins' work in the part of his letter made available to me; yet this is a gift I granted the poet. In musical technique he surpassed even Pope. He "sang triumphantly," but in sound-patterns dictated by themselves and not by a motion toward meaning; he sang the platitudes which make his mind, as revealed in his life and prose work, so dull.

*New Haven, Conn.* GARRY WILLS

A trip you'll always remember - a train you'll never forget
Santa Fe
Super Chief
. . . your carefree ride through the colorful Southwest Indian Country on the Super Chief . . . with the Turquoise Room, famous private dining room. Daily departures from Chicago and Los Angeles.
R. T. Anderson, Gen'l Pass. Traffic Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4